

FIRST SURVIVORS FROM THE LINER PERSIA REACH ALEXANDRIA

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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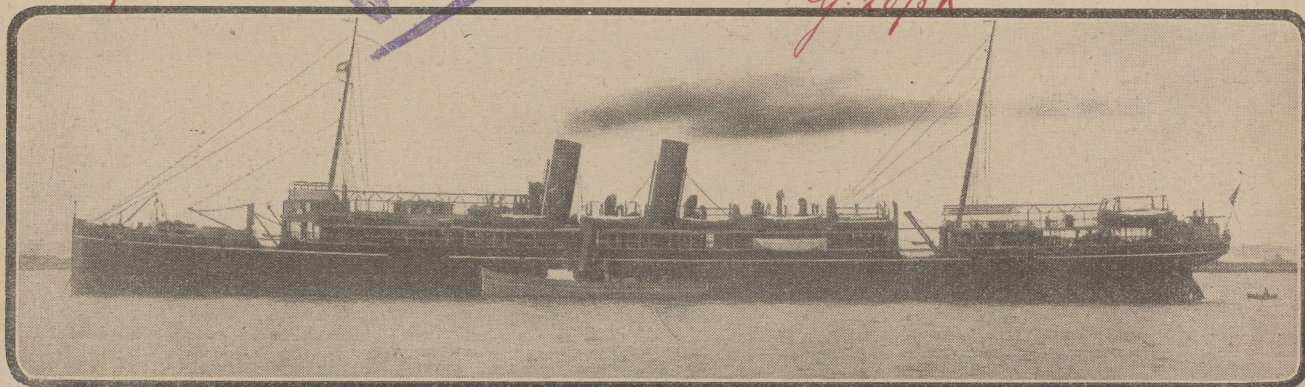
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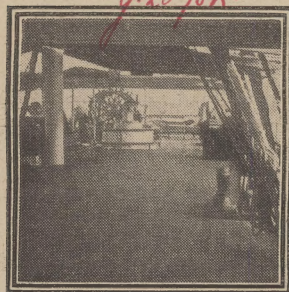
16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

THE SEA MURDERERS' LATEST CRIME: LORD MERSEY'S SON
SAVED FROM THE TORPEDOED LINER PERSIA.



The lost Persia. She was built in 1900 and formed one of a type which, at the time, was the largest in the P. and O. service.



Second saloon promenade deck.

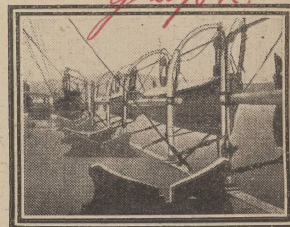


The Persia was sunk off Crete.

"There was no war material on board." This official statement by the P. and O. Company finally disposes of the faintest shred of an excuse for the torpedoing of the liner Persia without warning. Among the passengers were Lord Montagu of



The explosion caused by a torpedo when it hits a steamer.



A view of the boat deck.



Colonel Bigham.



Lord Montagu.



Lieutenant T. G. Spinney.

Beaulieu, the motor pioneer, whose name appeared in the New Year Honours list; Lieutenant T. G. Spinney and Colonel the Hon. Clive Bigham, Lord Mersey's son. The wife of the last-named has received news that her husband is safe.

H.C. RUSSELL LTD

GREAT WINTER SALE

Commences TO-DAY at 9 o'clock



No. S 4042.
Very Effective Night-dress in soft Nainsook trimmed with wide embroidered fronts and good round Valenciennes Lace Insertions and tucked fronts.

Sale Price 4/11½
Postage 3d. extra.

A Large Quantity of *Crepe-de-Chine* Lingerie reduced to clear.



Short Illustrated
Sale Lists Post Free on request.



Ladies' Lingerie and Corsets
at Record Prices.

D.M. 30. Very Special Lot of French Hand-made Nainsook Combinations Hand Embroidered & inlaid French Crochet Lace Insertions and Medallions with Valenciennes Lace Edgings and Ribbon Bows. Usual Price 10/9. **Sale Price 6/11½** Post Free in U.K.



D.M. 10. French Hand-made Nainsook Knickers trimmed with Valenciennes Lace, Tucks and Beading. Usual price 2/11½. **Sale Price 1/11½** Postage 3d. extra.

D.M. 20. Special Nainsook Combinations, trimmed very effective embroidery and wide Ribbon Beadings (exact to sketch). **Sale Price 4/11½** Postage 3d. extra.

A Personal Visit is Invited.



No. X 17. Useful and Smart Coat in Navy Blanketing. Well cut and semi-Baslan shoulders, wide belt, large military patch pockets, and high collar and cuffs of Black Fur, as sketch.

Also a few only in Black. **Sale Price 18/11** Post Free in U.K.

THE 'COURT' CORSET.
Very Special Lot of the above Corset to be cleared at an exceptionally low price. Low in bust, well cut and made in a strong White Batiste, rustproof steels, strong busts, neat embroidery, threaded ribbon top and finished with four wide strong elastic rubber grip suspenders. Sizes 20-26 ins. only. Usual price 5/11. **Sale Price 5/-**

Bargain 24. A Limited Number of this Season's Most successful Evening Gown, made as sketch in Black Tulle. The pretty full skirt is gauged at waist and finished with Scarlet Rows. The Bodice is swathed and finished at shoulders with Black Silk Net. Also in White, Pink and Blue. **Sale Price 35/9** Post Free in U.K.

No. X 18. Exceptional Value in a Pony Cloth Coat, tailored in the latest design, with full swing military back, high wide Fur Collar and Flounce of real Fur, has inset pockets. The Coat is lined throughout. **Sale Price 35/9** Post Free in U.K.

WARDOUR STREET, LEICESTER SQ., LONDON, W.

HENRY DOBB

WESTBOURNE GROVE, LONDON, W.

OUR ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE

Previous to Stocktaking commences TO-DAY, doors open 10 a.m.

Drastic Reductions throughout all Departments.



Useful and Smart Dress
Gown in good quality fabric with all the latest trimmings. **Sale Price 9/11**



New Shape Corset, in good quality White Brocade. Good Strong Lingerie Bound with Satin Ribbon. **Sale Price 3/11½** Usual price 4/6½. Sizes 20ins. to 26ins.



Smart Black Chiffon Tulle Skirt, good quality. Full shape with Peter Pan Band at hem. Usual Price 15/11. Post free. Also in Black Satin Charmante.



Lovely Crepe Dress, beautiful heavy quality. Very latest fashion. **Sale Price 12/11**



Smart Striped Blouse, new shape. In White, Cream, Lemon, Rosalind and Grey. **Sale Price 4/11½** Post 4d.



Handsome Blouse of Rich Quality Soft Brocade Satin Charmante. Latest Design in the fashionable long fitting style. In Ivory, Pink, Gold, Blue, Anthracite, V-Rose, Champagne, Red & Black. Usual Price 10/11. **Sale Price 6/11½** Post Free.



Smart Black Louis XV style Gown, beautiful quality and well made in latest style. Also in Navy. Actual Value 3/6. **Sale Price 23/6**



Beautiful Gown of rich quality Black Chiffon Tulle. Beautifully made with Peter Pan effect. Bodice and very full skirt. In Silex, Mole, Navy and Black. **A GREAT BARGAIN!**



Smart Black Chiffon Tulle Skirt, good quality. Full skirt, trimmed neckline, gathered at waist. A GREAT BARGAIN. Usual Price 2/11. **Sale Price 2/6**



French Hand Embroidered Night-dress on good quality Nainsook. Empire V-neck finished with ribbon Beading. Usual Price 6/11. **Sale Price 4/11½**



Rich quality Artificial Silk Knitted Coat, new loose fitting shape, with Sea and pockets for sports or house wear. Usual price 12/11. **Sale Price 12/11**



Smart Black Tulle Costume Skirt, latest 5/6. Good quality and well made. A GREAT BARGAIN. **Sale Price 15/11** Post Free. Actual Value 25/9.

DRASTIC CLEARANCE OF SILKS,

INCLUDING:

2000 yards Black Strath Silks. Usual 1/11½ yard and stripe Fancy Louisiana Washing Silks (Oriental Satins and Paillette Silks. Usual prices 1/11 and 1/6 yard.	All at 9½d. yard.
Double Width Black Silks and Satins, Chiffon Tulle, and Oriental Grenadine Satins.	Sale Price (yard) 2/11½
Rich French Brocade, V-Rose, Black, White, and Navy. Usual price 10/6.	Sale Price 10/6
Black Satin (yard)	Sale Price 2/11½

GREAT CLEARANCE OF FUR COATS

A few leading Bargains:

Bargain 1. Full length Seal Fur Coat. Usual 8 gns. NOW **5 gns.**

Bargain 2. Natural Muskrat Fur Coat. Usual 24 gns. NOW **25 19 6**

Bargain 3. Black Ponyskin Fur Coat. Usual 7 gns. NOW **4½ gns.**

Bargain 4. Model Coat in Seal, new and Black. Usual 10 gns. NOW **12 and 10 gns.**

Bargain 5. Seal Fur Coat, trimmed real Skunk. Usual 60 gns. NOW **35 gns.**

Bargain 6. (as illustration) Skin Fur Coat, latest full Skunk. Usual 10 gns. **Sale Price 25 19 6**

Handsome Black Pony-skin, trimmed 10 gns.

As usually 25/- **Sale Price 25/-**

AN EXTRAORDINARY SET 3 gns.

PROMOTED.



Flight Commander Victor Wilberforce, R.N., who has been promoted. The report of his death is erroneous.



Mr. J. J. Richardson, who is retiring after forty-eight years' service with the L.B. and S.C. Railway.

FLOODS WHICH MAKE WARFARE IMPOSSIBLE.



Belgians at their quarters, which are entirely surrounded by water. Certain districts are one large lake.

V.C. TO WED.



Captain J. H. S. Dimmer, V.C., whose engagement to Miss Dora Bayley-Parker has just been announced.



The Rev. Algernon S. O. Sweet, chaplain of the lost cruiser *Natal*, who perished in the explosion.

WIFE AS TOWN CRIER.



Chertsey's woman town crier assists at the distribution of blankets to the aged poor. Her husband is a sergeant-major, who rejoined the Army after thirty years' service. She is filling his place.



Their "houseboat" in the Westvelten district. Warfare is impossible in such country.—(French War Office photographs.)

ON BOARD A TRANSPORT.



A submarine having been reported to be in the vicinity, the soldiers are summoned on deck and ordered to put on their life-belts.

STEEPLECHASING AT GATWICK.



R. Clarke falling off *Comfort* at the first fence in the Purley Steeplechase at the Gatwick meeting. The race was won by Bernstein, with *Royal Canal* second and *Hannibal* third.

THE LATE MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S HOME.



Wounded soldiers playing billiards in the famous orchid house at Highbury, Birmingham, the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's residence. It has been converted into a V.A.D. hospital.

CABINET WEATHERS THE STORM.

Will Sir John Simon Leave the Ministry?

A FATEFUL WEEK.

(By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.)

There is now every reason to believe that the Prime Minister has brought the Cabinet safely through the grave crisis which threatened to lead to its disruption last week.

No official announcement is yet forthcoming on the subject of Sir John Simon's reported resignation, but there was a growing conviction in political circles last night that he will leave the Ministry.

The Home Secretary, as was indicated in *The Daily Mirror* several days ago, is strongly opposed to the principle of compulsion.

If Sir John goes there is a very pronounced feeling that Lord Derby should be brought into the Cabinet.

With Mr. McKenna and Mr. Runciman, who were very near resignation at one time, the case is somewhat different from the Home Secretary's.

Their attitude has been influenced not so much by objection to the principle of compulsion.



Prince Arthur of Connaught visits an aerodrome at the front.

sion as by the probable effect of the application of that principle on the financial and economic resources of the country.

It is understood that they have chosen to remain in the Ministry on the strict understanding that the Bill shall be expressly limited in its operation to the eligible unmarried man.

The estimated number of physically fit single men who will be affected by the Bill is 350,000. Meanwhile the development of events is awaited with the keenest anxiety. Here is the diary for the coming week:—

To-morrow Morning.—Cabinet meeting.
To-morrow Afternoon.—Parliament re-assembles.

Wednesday.—Compulsory Service Bill in the Commons. Miners' Federation Conference on the Bill. Nationalist Party meeting.

Thursday.—Parliament and Registration Bill in the Lords. Great Labour Conference on Compulsion.

The first business when Parliament re-assembles to-morrow will be the consideration of the deferred Munitions Act Amendment Bill.

Before this is entered on several questions will be addressed to the Prime Minister in regard to the situation generally, and more particularly as to his eagerly-awaited statement on the recruiting question.

PREMIER'S COMING STATEMENT.

The following is the statement which has been sent out on behalf of the Government:—

"Wednesday, January 5.—The Prime Minister will introduce a Bill dealing with Military Service. An important debate will follow, and a division may be taken. Your attendance at 2.45 is urgently requested."

The Prime Minister will place the position of the Government as fully before the House on Wednesday as, in his opinion, national interests warrant.

The majority in favour of compulsion, according to the latest estimate, will comprise four-fifths of the Liberals, all the Conservatives and a considerable proportion of the Labour members.

The "antis" will include a Liberal group who hate compulsion in any guise and a percentage of Labour members.

The Nationalists are also opposed to compulsion, but as Ireland is expected to be left out of the Bill it is thought probable that the bulk of the party may abstain from voting.

The latest expectation of the Government is that the Bill will be passed through all its stages in a fortnight.

It was announced last night that the West Newington seat is to be fought on the new drink restrictions, and the name of the secretary of the London Trade Union Protest Committee, Mr. Joe Terrett, is this week to be submitted as prospective candidate to a delegate conference of the affiliated societies.

Mr. J. D. Gibert is the accepted Liberal candidate. He is the representative of West Newington on the London County Council.

No candidate has yet been adopted for St. George's.

E. A. J.

PRACTICAL SHOPPERS

Women's Business-Like Way in Buying Articles at the Sales.

'BLESSING TO THE HOUSEWIFE.'

"In my younger days it was not like this. Look at those women. They are as methodical and practical in their buying as if... as if they were men."

It was the sight of women passing from one department to another, list in hand, buying at the sales all household articles that are so necessary, yet often so expensive at ordinary times, that urged an elderly man to make the above comment, and he added:

"It doesn't seem natural. Of course, a woman should buy herself full-lals at sale time, but to go setting the whole household on its feet for the coming year—it is systematic, it is sensible; it is almost unwomanly."

Behind the miles of plate-glass windows in London's shopping streets just now there are mothers of families laying in the household articles—books, blankets, sheets and silks.

"To my mind a home is never finished," said one woman. "The more complete apparently a house gets, the more one seems to need. What a blessing sales are to a good housewife."

"It is because houses are better built now that we can be housewives again. My linen room and cedar-lined cupboards make it possible to lay up a store while goods are cheap."

Airy cupboards have doubled the trade done in the sales these last few years.

Articles of luxury and semi-luxury, too, loom large in the sales this week at prices which are startlingly low. "How do they do it?" one hears frequently asked.

The Daily Mirror this morning contains pages of advertisements of the sales. The practical shopper will make a note of what she wants from these announcements and sally forth to save money while the sales last.

GROUNDLESS JEALOUSY.

Supposed Reason for Army Sergeant's Murder and Suicide.

No cause for the man's jealousy had been ascertained, and there were no grounds in the evidence for his allegations against his wife.

So said the coroner at the inquest on John Joseph Ruxton, aged forty-two, a staff-sergeant-major in the Army Veterinary Corps, who, with his wife, Gladys, whose age was twenty-one, was found shot in a room they occupied in a house in South Ealing.

The jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder and Suicide whilst of unsound mind, and agreed that there were no grounds for the allegations.

A letter was read which contained instructions as to the disposal of Ruxton's effects among his children, as well as statements which reflected upon his wife's faithfulness.

Evidence was given that he had been rather peculiar in his manner, and that he had been drinking heavily for ten days.

A sister of the wife said the couple were married last March, and she knew of no cause for the man's jealousy.

KAISER'S PIOUS HOPE.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 1.—According to a telegram from Berlin the Kaiser in reply to a congratulatory telegram from the President of the Reichstag telegraphed:—

"Heartfelt thanks for loyal congratulation of German Reichstag. I and the entire German people hope to God that the New Year will bring final victory for our just cause and a new guaranteed basis for the beneficial development, in peaceful competition with other nations, of our Fatherland."—Reuter.

RUMANIAN MAILS RESUMED.

For several weeks the mails between Rumania, Russia and England have been suspended. About two months ago the mail from Rumania reached England.



A strong barbed wire entanglement and fence at a strategic point on the Bosserabia front.

TOSSING FOR TAXIS.

Shifts to Which Drivers' Tyranny Reduces the Public.

PUT WOMEN AT THE WHEEL.

The week-end weather, days and nights of rain and high winds, further increased the disapproval of Londoners of the "sabotage" of the taxicab drivers.

The drivers still insist upon their "right" to pick and choose their passengers and the destinations of their passengers.

Daily Mirror representative, who himself vainly tried to get a taxicab late Saturday night, witnessed an unusual incident.

Three men in evening dress were solemnly matching coins to see which should win the privilege of using the taxicab which one of them had succeeded in getting up to the kerb.

"Gambling for taxicabs" seems to be the latest pastime of belated Londoners, if this incident is not an uncommon one.

"Many women are afraid to come to the theatre," said one manager, "because of their fear of being unable to get a taxicab after the performance."

"We are unable to help them, though I hear Mr. Arthur Collins, of Drury Lane, has devised a scheme that may prove to be successful."

Another manager said: "Women drivers only will relieve us from this tyranny of the taxicab."

"Give women a licence to drive cabs in daytime and the men will be glad enough of the opportunity to drive at night—and drive anybody anywhere they want to go."

100-MILES-AN-HOUR GALE.

People Killed, Ships Driven Ashore, and Much Damage Done by Week-End Storm.

One hundred miles an hour was the report of the pace of the gale which raged all over Great Britain on Friday night and Saturday.

From all over the country come reports of trees blown down, houses wrecked and people killed and injured.

A cross was blown off a church in Bradford and fell into a neighbouring picture theatre, killing one boy and injuring two others.

In Bromley the wind blew in the plate-glass window of a wine and spirit shop, and the broken glass injured an old man and a boy.

Three young children were partly buried by a poster-boarding which was blown down at Manchester, and in Leicester a cyclist was blown off his machine and run over by a motor.

At sea the tale of disaster is large. A 5,000-ton steamer, the Midland, lying in the Mersey, was driven on to the landing-stage, and an unknown sailing ship was sunk in the river. A three-masted Swedish schooner, the Clara, ashore near Aberdeen and no trace is to be found of the crew. The captain and seven men of the Danish sailing ship, the Dana, were rescued by a trawler, having had to abandon their ship off the Northumberland coast.

DIAMOND MERCHANT AND LIFT GIRL.

Leopold Goldner, thirty, a Rumanian diamond merchant, charged with being a suspected person, attempting to pick pockets in the West End, described the evidence of the police officers who arrested him as "absolutely a miserable lie."

A constable stated that he noticed Goldner watching the omnibuses at the corner of Orchard-street, and saw him put his hand into a lady's coat-pocket.

Another police officer corroborated, and said that Goldner appeared to him "to be trying to open ladies' bags."

Detective Hatch said that he made inquiries at Selfridge's, and found that accused had been ordered out of the place by one of the assistants owing to his suspicious behaviour.

Goldner said he went to Selfridge's to see a lift girl with whom he had become acquainted and was surprised to be ordered out.

A remand was ordered.

MERRY PASSING OF THREE HOURS.

How Soldiers Awaited Arrival of Altered Trench Train.

RINGS OF DANCERS.

If there was a pessimist among the thousands of men and women at Victoria Station yesterday morning he must have been a German or an ally of the Hun Powers, for nowhere could the fighting spirit of the British Army have been more definitely displayed.

It all came about because the trench train which takes "Tommy" back from his short leave to the front was running at a different time.

The time of departure had been altered, and instead of leaving shortly after breakfast it did not leave until close on lunch-time. Meanwhile, hundreds of soldiers from all parts of the country had collected there and had found themselves with three hours to wait.

The soldiers' rest room was quickly filled up, but that did not depress the British soldier.

About two hundred soldiers spread their kit upon the ground and settled down for a comfortable sleep. The impression made by these sleeping men, with their rifles lying beside them, was that of real war.

Victoria Station and all the appearance of being within a few hours of the Hun's guns.

MUSIC AND DANCING.

But for the most part "Tommy" was determined to make the most of his last hours in London. He demanded music, singing and dancing.

Three or four circles were formed; in the centre of each a musician, around whom "Tommy" and his friends danced.

Near the gates a Lancashire man with a concertina provided the music. Outside the tea-room a flautist and a mouth-organist—that is how he may be described—provided the orchestra.

"Tommy" waltzed, and one-stepped, and broke off now and again for a rest in the form of a rousing chorus.

Occasionally the flutist gave a solo. The National Anthems of the Allies formed popular subjects because they provided opportunities for hearty choruses. And "Tommy" has learnt to sing the "Marseillaise" in remarkably good French.

Ragtime choruses of the past ten years were shouted to the glass and girders of the roof, and "Tipperary," which we are told "Tommy" has long since forgotten, was revived to the version which concludes:—

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary, And we're not down-hearted yet."

Officers looked indulgently upon the noisy, cheery men; policemen used consummate tact in keeping the crowds moving.

THE MOTION OF THE OCEAN.

The Free Buffet did a roaring trade, and everybody in khaki seemed just as cheerful as one imagines the would-be if peace had been declared and they were leaving at last for home.

Instead of which these wonderful men were going back to trenches deep down in mud and all the other horrors of war.

These men were just jolly, rollicking, happy crowd of boys. They made way willingly and gallantly for women to pass.

But *The Daily Mirror* found the spirit of fear among many of our soldiers, and perhaps the possible German spy observed it, too.

No, it wasn't the Hun's poison gas or his machine guns, or anything like that that made "Tommy" apprehensive.

The Daily Mirror listened. "Well, I tell you, I don't like it," said one man; his companions agreed. "I hate it!" said another. A third lugubriously wished it was all over. They were thinking of Saturday's gale, and talking of the coming Channel crossing!

MORE DERBY MEN TO BE CALLED.

From an authoritative source it is learned that four more Derby groups are to be called to the colours on February 1.

The groups are:—No. 8—Bachelors of 23. No. 8—Bachelors of 25. No. 7—Bachelors of 24. No. 9—Bachelors of 26. The proclamation will be issued within a few days.

£5 TREASURY BONDS NOT YET READY.

Though many inquiries were made at post offices on Saturday for the new £5 Exchequer bonds none were to be obtained.

Inquiries at the General Post Office elicited the statement that no official details were yet available as to the issue of these bonds, which will give the small investor an opportunity of offering his savings to the Government at 5 per cent. interest.

Full particulars are expected to be announced early this week.

INTERCESSION DAY.

In every church and chapel yesterday special prayers were offered for the victory of the Allied Forces.

Collections were made on behalf of the British Red Cross for the relief and comfort of the sick and wounded.

Read "A Dinner with Joy Flapperston," by Robert Vane, on page 7.

158 SURVIVORS OF THE TORPEDOED PERSIA REPORTED AT PRESENT

No Warning Given—Liner Struck Amidships.

SANK IN FIVE MINUTES

Graphic Story of the Disaster from Son of Lord Mersey.

NEW RUSSIAN SUCCESS.

THE UNPARDONABLE.

Once again the Sea-Huns have covered themselves with eternal shame by a cowardly attack on women and children.

Final figures are not yet to hand, but so far 158 survivors of the Persia, which was torpedoed off Crete on December 30, have arrived at Alexandria. Altogether there were quite 500 souls on board the liner.

Among the drowned is the United States Consul at Aden. Will President Wilson at last realise the hollowness of all Hun professions of faith and take action?

RUSSIA'S NEW OFFENSIVE.

Most satisfactory is the Russian news of the fighting on the Galicia-Bessarabia front.

The enemy on the Strypa front has been obliged to fall back to new positions, while the Tsar's troops have occupied, after fierce fighting, several heights near Czernowitz.

WESTERN FRONT.

Considerable mining and artillery activity is reported in both British and German communications. Last night's French bulletin reported a slight retirement at the Hartmannswellkopf, owing to an intense German bombardment.

WOMEN 30 HOURS AT SEA IN OPEN BOATS.

Hon. Clive Bigham's Graphic Story of Persia's Last Minutes.

The first story of the sinking of the Persia, sent by a survivor is contained in the following telegram received last night from Alexandria by Lord Inchcape, the chairman of the P. and O. Company.

Colonel the Hon. Clive Bigham (son of Lord Mersey), who was a passenger in the Persia, is the sender of the telegram. He says:—"The sinking of the Persia was caused by a torpedo which struck the ship on the port bow on Thursday (Dec. 30) at 1.15 p.m., when she was about forty miles south of Crete.

"No previous warning was given, neither was there any attempt at assistance.

Within five minutes of being torpedoed the ship had sunk.

"It was impossible to lower the starboard boats owing to the heavy list. Five or six boats were able to be lowered to port."

"I WAS WASHED OVERBOARD."

"I did not see this myself, as I was washed overboard when the boat capsized. The conduct of the passengers and crew was splendid.

"There was no struggling, nor was there any panic. Four of the boats, after having been thirty hours at sea, were picked up by one of His Majesty's ships, and those in them received the greatest kindness and attention from the captain and officers.

"Search is being made for the remaining boats in the neighbourhood of the disaster. There were 158 persons landed at Alexandria out of a total of 550. The saved included fifty-nine passengers, of whom seventeen are women and two children."

CAPTAIN LAST SEEN SWIMMING.

A Reuter telegram from Cairo says the survivors of the Persia include ten military officers and eight foreigners.

It was a miracle that anyone was saved at all. There was no panic, and the four boats that were launched were loved with the greatest promptitude.

It is understood that 160 have been saved out of about 550 on board, but hitherto it has been impossible to obtain exact figures. The captain was drowned.

He was last seen swimming in the water after the liner had taken her final plunge.

On Jan. 2.—The survivors of the Persia, who arrived at Alexandria last night, were the chief officer, the second officer, seven engineers, twenty-seven seamen, sixty-three lascars, and fifty-nine passengers, the last including Colonel Bigham and Mr. Grant, an American acting as agent in Calcutta of the Vacuum Oil Company.

Another American named Rose landed at Gibraltar.—Reuter.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2.—The American Consul at Alexandria reports that Mr. McNulty, the American Consul at Aden, who was a passenger on the Persia, is among those lost. He was last seen in the water after the vessel sank.

The Consul adds that no submarine was seen by the survivors, but one of the Persia's officers saw the wake of the torpedo which struck the ship.—Reuter.

The Persia, which left London on December 18, Marseilles on December 26, and Malta on the 28th, carrying his Majesty's mails, was bound for Bombay (due January 8).

The vessel carried, it is understood, about 200 passengers, and the crew numbered between 200 and 300.

The name of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu figures in the list of passengers. He had joined the ship at Marseilles and was proceeding to Bombay to take up the post of Inspector of Mechanical Transport Vehicles in India.

FIRST LIST OF THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN SAVED.

Information has been received by the P. and O. Company from their agent at Alexandria, says the Press Association, that so far 158 survivors have arrived at that port from the Persia.

The first list of names is as follows:—

J. S. P. Bachmann	Mr. J. Jacone
Mrs. B. B. Berrymann	Arthur Johnson
Mr. E. R. Berrymann	Ernest Knight
Mrs. Browne	Captain Knibbs
Mr. E. Butler	Alfred Lyell
— Cook	— Lawrence (†)
Mr. Cooper	Miss Leeper
Bombardier Curtis	Leonard Moss
James Dickie	Miss Markwick
Miss N. B. Dorogus	John Nelson
Willie Lathorne	George Newman
Gerald Fisher	Major O'Reilly
Miss Pladgate	A. Cecil Pegg
Alfred Foy	Marjorie Pengaskell
Mr. and Miss Gabour	Mr. Ratanchand
Jack Gardner	Mr. and Mrs. Russ
L. W. Gascoigne	Herbert Salinan
George Gifford	Tom Scott
Mr. Gopaldas	Mrs. Shanks
Charles Grant	— Sharp
Mr. A. Groves	E. J. Soper
— Gustadnee	Lieut. T. G. Spinney
Miss Guyot	Miss B. Smith
Lion Hallett	— Smith
Mr. R. A. Harkness	W. Ernest Smith
Mr. and Mrs. Hawick	Will Smith
George Hutchinson	Walter Smith
George Hyman	Mrs. H. A. Smyth
Reginald Heams	Mr. Vishandas
Mrs. Hutchinson	W. Warner
Mrs. Hutchinson and child.	S. P. L. († F.) Welling-
	ton

Following crew advised saved:—

Clark	Hazlewood
Dowling	Mathew
Mollon	Turk
Pennington	

Further names will be advised as soon as received.

PRESIDENT WILSON TOLD.

HOTSPRINGS, Jan. 1.—President Wilson is still on his honeymoon here. He is receiving at frequent intervals messages from Mr. Lansing concerning the loss of the P. and O. liner Persia, but so far has made no comment.—Exchange.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.—American officials received with astonishment the news of the torpedoing of the Persia, with the possible loss of American lives.—Reuter.

New York, Jan. 2.—In an editorial article dealing with the sinking of the Persia the New York Herald says:—

"There is coming over the American people the conviction that there is just one way to end these crimes against civilisation and humanity, and that is for the President to drop the language of diplomacy and say to the offenders 'Stop.'—Central News.

STRONG BRITISH ATTACK NEAR LA BASSEE.

Germans State That Attempt to Pierce Lines Was Unsuccessful.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Jan. 2.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon:—

During the night of January 1 strong detachments of British troops endeavoured to penetrate our positions at Frelingheim, north-east of Armentieres. The attack was unsuccessful.

North-west of Hulluch our troops made a successful explosion and occupied the crater caused thereby. At the capture of an enemy trench south of the Hartmannswellkopf over 200 prisoners fell into our hands.—Wireless Press.

BRITISH GUNS ACTIVE.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The following telegraphic dispatch has been received from General Headquarters:—

January 2, 9.12 p.m.—This morning the enemy sprang a mine in front of our trenches east of Cuinchey, but did not attempt to occupy the crater.

During the afternoon we exploded three mines near La Boisselle. Our artillery and trench mortars co-operated.

Our artillery also bombarded hostile trenches north of Fromelles and east of Ypres. To the former bombardment the enemy replied vigorously without causing any damage.

On other portions of our front normal artillery activity only.

FRENCH YIELD A LITTLE GROUND IN ALSACE.

Violent Foe Bombardment at Hartmannswellkopf.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Jan. 2.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

In Belgium artillery actions by our field and our trench guns against the enemy's works in the region of the dunes caused heavy damage.

Two conflagrations were observed, and two ammunition depots were blown up.

In the Argonne the fire of our batteries dispersed a German detachment moving on the road from Avocour to Malancour.

On the heights of the Meuse, at the Bois de Chevaliers, a lively cannonade against the enemy's trenches led to the collapse of several blockhouses.

In the afternoon two shells were thrown on Nancy. The enemy gun was at once subjected to our fire.

In the region of Hartmannswellkopf there was a violent enemy bombardment, as the result of which our troops on a front of 200 yards fell back to the western edge of the ravine to the south of the Rehfelden.

The enemy did not attempt any infantry attack.—Reuter.

FOE GRENADE ATTACK REPULSED.

PARIS, Jan. 2.—This afternoon's French official communiqué says:—

In Champagne our heavy artillery carried out an effective bombardment during the night against some enemy hutments north of Bouconville, Malmaison Wood.

A German grenade attack against our trenches in the neighbourhood of the road between Tahure and Somme-Py was beaten back.—Reuter.

RUSSIANS' NEW BLOW AT CZERNOWITZ.

Heights Taken After Desperate Fight on Bessarabian Front.

BERLIN'S ADMISSION.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Jan. 2.—To-day's official communiqué states:—

In the Riga region there was a lively fusillade and cannonade in which an armoured German motor-car participated.

To the north of Chortotsk the enemy twice attacked our fortifications, but met with heavy losses, and was thrown back into his own trenches. We captured an officer and seventy men.

On the Strypa front the enemy under the pressure of our troops was obliged to fall back on new fortified positions.

A particularly fierce fight occurred near Czernowitz, where we occupied several heights, capturing fifteen officers, 855 men, three machine guns and a bomb-mortar.

In Persia we occupied the village of Zere, near Hamadan.—Reuter.

FOE ADMITS ADVANCE.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Jan. 2.—To-day's German official communiqué states:—

Eastern Theatre of War.—Small Russian detachments advancing at various points along the front were repulsed.

North of the Dryswajal Lake the enemy were temporarily successful in penetrating our position.—Wireless Press.

(AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 2.—To-day's Vienna communiqué says:—

The Russians have now resumed the offensive on the Bessarabian front.

After twice unsuccessfully attacking on New Year's Eve and once next morning, the enemy began to-day's attack against our entrenchments near Topuzur, and was repulsed after hand-to-hand fighting.

Two hours later, in the same sector, six enemy regiments advanced, most of which were repulsed. The enemy losses were extraordinarily great.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 2.—A Bagdad telegram says a Turkish division advancing near Sul Bulak, south of Lake Urumiah, drove the Russians from the town, and inflicted important losses on them.—Reuter.

KING PETER LANDS AT SALONIKA.

PARIS, Jan. 2.—It is learned from a Salonika correspondent that a sensational and unforeseen event occurred yesterday, when King Peter of Serbia arrived.

The French destroyer Mamiluk conveyed from Valona to Salonika—with a stoppage of five days at Brindisi—the aged King Peter.

At nine o'clock the inhabitants were surprised at the arrival of two companies of Greek infantry, who occupied the quay, to render honours to the Sovereign, thus showing that Greece is still Serbia's ally. I learned that King Peter, on hearing of this, expressed the wish that no special honours should be paid to him, and he asked to be brought simply to the Serbian Consulate, the garden of which borders a miniature creek where boats can land.

King Peter has his quarters on the ground floor of the Consulate, and his entire suite consists of three persons—a colonel, his private doctor and his orderly officer. The King said: "I desire to stay here incognito and to receive no visitors except the generals and admirals of the Entente."

How long the King will stay at Salonika is not known. It will depend upon events, but the entourage of the King state that he wished before all, in case of his death, to be as near as possible to the soil of his own people.—Exchange.

SEDD UL BAHR GUN DUELS

(TURKISH OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 2.—A communiqué issued by the Turkish Headquarters, and received from Constantinople via Berlin, says:—

On the Dardanelles front, near Sedd ul Bahr, on the night of December 30, there was active bomb fighting.

On the right wing and centre a violent artillery duel and bomb throwing lasted till the morning.

On December 31, in the afternoon, on the right wing, we exploded two mines. Then the enemy artillery, in co-operation with two cruisers, bombarded our trenches in the centre.

We vigorously replied.

Our batteries at the Narrows bombarded the landing-place at Sedd ul Bahr and the neighbouring camp.—Reuter.



Wounded man of the Army Cycling Corps being carried out of danger by two comrades. His machine is used as a stretcher, while the bearers have folded up their bicycles and strapped them on their backs.

Debenham & Freebody's

Commences **SALE** for Twelve Days only.

TO-DAY

Post Orders for these Coats cannot be executed.



53 Travelling Coats in different designs, of which the sketch illustrated is an example, in best quality novelty tweeds. Original Prices, 42- to 78/6. **Sale Price 21/-**

Tea Gown, as sketched in rich chamelon taffeta, with punnier skirt and lace yoke, trimmed with silk gauged to match the sleeves. **Sale Price 29/6**

Nightdress, in pure silk crepe de chine, with smoking in front to form empire shape, in Pink, White, Sky and Black. **Sale Price 29/6**

Pure Cashmere Coats, as sketched, and in various other styles. In a variety of colours. Also a few in silk. Original Price 42/- **Sale Price 10/6**

These Goods cannot be sent upon approval.

WIGMORE STREET & WELBECK STREET, LONDON, W.

Frederick Gorringe

Commences **Sale** Great Reductions in every Dept.

Today

THE desire for economy is greatly encouraged by the opportunities we now offer. Only twice in the year can Gorringe Grade goods be obtained at Sale Prices. Substantial reductions have been made in every department, including Lingerie and Linens, as we hold no separate White Sale. All goods are our usual stock—the only difference is in the reduced prices.

The garments illustrated are examples of the countless bargains. We invite a visit for personal inspection.

No. 10.—Good Value in all-over embroidered Camisoles. Small sleeve and neck edged. Embroidery and threaded Satin Ribbon. **Sale Price 2/11**

SILK ROBES. SR 401.—Useful Jumpers, to be worn over blouses, in soft Taffeta silk, with full cut circular skirt. Waistcoat trimmed buttons & plaques of own material. In Navy, Hello, Grey, Brown, Black. **Sale Price 25/9**

DRESS BARGAINS. 15 Pieces Plain and Fancy Edoes and Crepes in shades of Rose, Brown, Sky, Tulle, etc. **Sale Price 1/11**

Ribbed Wool Sports Coats, all colours. **SPECIAL PRICE 10/9**

FURNISHING 5,000 yards Reversible Warp printed Taffetas, 60 in. wide. Usual Prices 4/3 and 4/9. **Sale Price 2/11**

The above are suitable for Upholstery, Loose Covers and Curtains. 300 Easy Chairs, Upholstered in Crestone. **SPECIAL VALUE 29/6**

Frederick Gorringe, Ltd., BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD—LONDON, S.W.

Pettit's KENSINGTON

WINTER SALE Now

These are some of the Bargains for which you may safely write, as we refund cash for any goods not perfectly satisfactory.

Lot 11/5. 1/03 Each. Part post 2d. Special Chemise Vest, full size, 38in. long. Winter rib, with non-irritating soft finish. Worth 1/03.

Lot 11/11. 1/13 Part 3d. Part 6d. New sailor in Black Velveteen, with Soft Crown trimmed new Roman stripes silk ribbon. Worth much more.

Lot 11/11. 4/11 Part 3d. Extremely smart Tailor-cut French fitting Blouse, of fine quality Silk Ottoman Cord or Velveteen. Colours—Navy, Rose, Brown, Grey, Purple, Sage or Black.

Postal Orders should be made payable to Pettit's, crossed Parr's Bank.

Lot U2.—Directed Knickerbockers, Winter Weight. **Sale Price 1/5**

Part post 2d. These are very Special, Fleecy lined, and now worth 1/13 pair. Colours: Grey, Cream, Sage, Tan or Navy.

Lot 11/11. 2/10 Part 3d. Ladies' 2 1/2 Size 14/6 Model of fine quality Velveteen trimmed Black Satin Buttons, latest sleeves and fashionable skirt Colours: Rose, Sage, Grey, Heliotrope, Navy, Ruby, or Black. Fine Value. Also in Navy or Black Coating Serge—14/6.

Lot 11/11. 2/10 Part 3d. Clearing lot of Ladies' Tailor-made Walking Skirts, in Black or Navy, also Tweeds. Worth 2/10.

Lot 11/11. 2/10 Part 3d. Charming Palette Silk Robes, in Dainty Shades of Pink, Sage, Sky, Parma, Brown Navy, Black, Rose, or Grey. Trimmed Paris Lace and Pearl Buttons. Really worth 3/0.

Lot 11/11. 2/10 Part 3d. Superior RUBBER SPONGES. **Sale Price 8/2**

Postage 1d. 3 for 2s. Post free.

Lot 11/11. 2/10 Part 3d. TURCO WASHING GLOVES. **Sale Price 1/-**

Postage 2d. extra.

Lot 11/11. 2/10 Part 3d. ATTRACTIVE COATS in good quality Navy Nap Cloth. Collar is trimmed real Fur, and can be worn open if desired. Ours are Fur trimmed. Honestly worth 39/0. **Sale Price 19/11**

Post free.

PETTIT'S, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.

Barnes OF FINCHLEY ROAD

Now Proceeding—Our Great WINTER SALE

SUPERB BARGAINS. HUGE REDUCTIONS. EVERY BUYER GRATIFIED

Call TO-DAY or Order by Post. Your Money Returned in every case if you have cause for dissatisfaction.

All Orders executed in rotation. Cross P.O.s London & South Western Bank, a/c John Barnes & Co.

Good Quality Casement Cloth Overalls. Colours: Navy, Sage and Grey. Tucked front, and edges lined with contrasting colours. Worth 20/0. **Sale Price 1/6 1/2**

Lot 11/11. 2/10 Part 3d. ATTRACTIVE COATS in good quality Navy Nap Cloth. Collar is trimmed real Fur, and can be worn open if desired. Ours are Fur trimmed. Honestly worth 39/0. **Sale Price 19/11**

Post free.

JOHN BARNES & CO., LTD., 191-217, FINCHLEY ROAD, N.W. (Immediately opposite Finchley Road Metropolitan Station.)

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JANUARY 3, 1916.

THE TWO VOICES.

IN conformity with their general doctrine and practice of *not* trusting the people, our rulers have never, and perhaps could never have, told us how many men and how large an army may be wanted, to add to the extant forces in 1916.

Being in this perhaps necessary ignorance of the military facts and figures, the people are obviously unable to estimate the value of that argument which declares us to have already nearly enough men, and asserts that, to take any more, will be dangerously to deplete the essential trading industries necessary for our financial force.

The public in this matter must be forgiven their perplexity.

On the one hand, it hears Lord Derby urging the need for great numbers of recruits. On the other hand, it catches a subterranean grumble, which by the time this is in print may have become fully articulate in Ministerial protests or resignations, that we *don't* need any more men—or that we oughtn't to need them if we do.

That last dilemma seems not unfairly to represent the attitude of those who protest against the only rapid and fair means of raising men. They seem to be offended with the compulsionists as they call them. But the compulsionists stand in the second rank. They intervene at a later stage. They say: "Well, we *must* have the men. [This system alone will fairly and swiftly bring them." To reply to that: "No we *mustn't* have the men," is not to reply to the compulsionists, but to start an entirely new, radical argument, revising unexpectedly all that was supposed to be accepted fact when the Government asked for the men it presumably wants, since it asked for them.

The public does not want to hamper our financial staying power, our trade, our war industries, our remnant of industries not technically associated with war, but indirectly necessary to us.

At the same time the public does not want to hamper our military expansion which the spreading circles of the war make more and more inevitable as time goes on. It listens first to what we suppose we must call the military voice urging numbers, and it listens next to the civilian voice urging business as usual—or as much business as may be. How much business? How many men?

These are just the questions that only the Government can answer, and to rate the newspapers or the public for not answering them is unjust, since the full facts have never been put before them. "W. M.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

We were splashing along the muddy lanes. And as I walked behind the long column, I watched the men's shoulders swinging to and fro. As they jolted along unevenly, Marching at ease: And their song came back to me on the wind; And my heart sang with them.

When suddenly, As the wind will sometimes cease at twilight, Their song faded and died— As I wondered why— And then, Looking round, I saw—and in a glance understood: We were passing the little graves. Lonely and silent, I saw them side by side, Under the quiet sky. In the little new-made grave-garden, There slept the soldiers of England.

(British Expeditionary Force).

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Let not things future trouble thee. For if necessity so require, that they come to pass thou shalt (whenever that is) be provided for them with the same reason, by which whatsoever is now present, is made both tolerable and acceptable with thee.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

A DINNER WITH JOY FLAPPERTON.

WHAT I FOUND WHEN I WENT ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

By ROBERT VANE.

JOY and Reggie Morley and I left the Riverside in a mood of temporary recklessness. And none of us showed any sign of remorse until our taxi began to get within easy walking distance of Mrs. Flapperton's house.

Then it was that Reggie asked to be put down because he had "a call to pay."

Then, also, the figure and face of Joy's Aunt Stodgy returned to me. I remembered that glare of hers at the Riverside. I began to wonder how I should account to Mrs. Flapperton for having let Reggie and Joy lunch together with me.

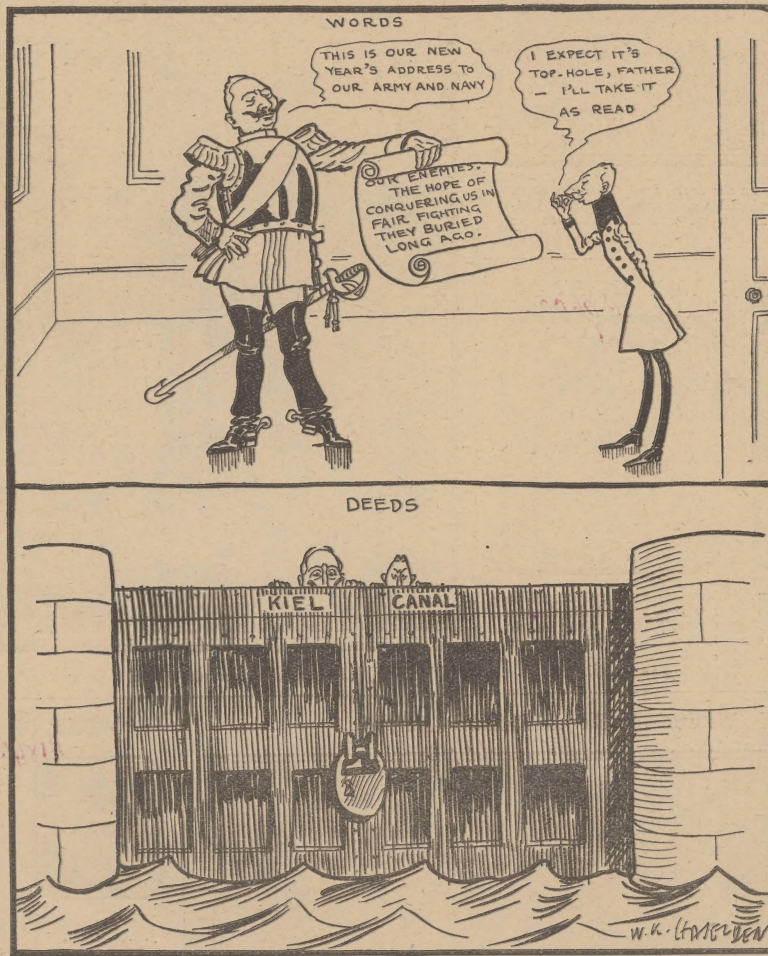
We were on the doorstep again. Silently, grimly the door opened, seeming to revolve spontaneously upon its hinges. We were in the hall.

account ever to speak to again—not only to speak to Joy, but also to lunch with us, Mrs. Flapperton, without hearing or hearing me, kept up a running reproach, thus:

"Well, certainly, I never thought it of you, Robert. I must say it surprised me when I heard of it. Because, of course, I gave you my full confidence, and you are *such* an old friend of the family—such an *old* friend—that really I thought I could be sure that with you it would be perfectly safe to say—and I *did* say it, didn't I?—that nothing whatever could happen to Joy that ought not to happen to her, or that would not happen to her, if I, her mother, had been with Joy. For you will not deny, I know, that I, as her mother, have always tried—I don't say *succeeded*, but *tried*—so to bring up Joy that she can say when I am dead—when I am long dead and buried and forgotten—and in my lonely grave—neglected—that . . ."

Mrs. Flapperton was beginning to cry. She was wiping her eyes. I kept quiet, after the first flow of explanation. It was Joy's advice. "If mother seems upset," said Joy, "don't say anything. Let her say the things. I know it's

WILLIE WORDS AND WILLIE DEEDS.



In his New Year's address to his Army and Navy Big Willie says that the enemies of the Fatherland have given up the hope of conquering in fair fighting. Whether they have given up the hope or not, they are still waiting for the chance!—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

I was in the drawing-room—alone with Mrs. Flapperton.

Where was Joy? Joy had gone upstairs "to get ready for tea." And to leave me to explain.

Did Mrs. Flapperton know? Yes. From the mournful expression on Mrs. Flapperton's face I could tell that Aunt Stodgy had had time to ring her up.

"Sit down, Robert."

"Did you lunch? Did you lunch out?"

"Yes, Mrs. Flapperton, we lunched—we lunched at the Riverside."

"Alone with Joy?"

Mrs. Flapperton was, perhaps unconsciously, trying to entrap me into prevarication. But I ceased telling lies long ago—when I was about Joy's age. Lies are always found out. Then why tell them?

So I now boldly burst into an explanation. I told all. I explained. And while I explained how and why it happened that I should have allowed Reggie Morley—whom Joy was on no

the best way." And so it was; for now, wiping her eyes, Mrs. Flapperton suddenly broke off and articulated: "Robert, you will dine with us on Christmas night?"

Mrs. Flapperton's conversation has these gulfs; these sudden descents; these flights and falls. She has feeling. She has no logic. She will return, suddenly, from the grave to Christmas dinner.

Of course I promised to dine. And then Joy came down, beautifully fresh for tea; and at once kissed her mother, which prevented her mother from saying anything; and rang for tea, and gave her mother a nice cup of tea; and handed her cake and kindness and buttered toast. . .

My penance was a dinner at the Flappertons', who consort with strange fish—a variety of bores. They live remote from social amenities. Except Joy's friends. Hers are young and amusing. But obviously they would not be

"SAME FOR ALL."

WHAT IS THE FAIREST METHOD OF RAISING THE MEN NEEDED?

CONSCRIPTION FOR CAPITAL.

THERE is hardly a married man in this country but resents, as I do, the implication underlying the latest form of conscription agitation.

We married men are supposed to be insisting that our young unmarried contemporaries shall be first sacrificed and fight our battles for us before we will stir a step in any direction.

This is not true.

We desire only that the golden mean of fairness shall be observed in this matter of justice to each man his duty. This standard of justice would best be preserved by treating all the young men, single and married, exactly alike. Can it be doubted that there would be no lack of willing fighters if the Army pay, the allowances were adequate? And the nation could easily afford to put the Army pay, etc., on a more liberal basis if the scheme for conscription of capital strongly advocated by many responsible writers were adopted.

Compel all men over military age who are thereby incapable of rendering full physical service in the national cause to pay a large proportion of their wealth into the Exchequer. They will then have practised something like a parallel sacrifice to that of the young men who have given, and are giving daily, their lives for their country. Once the conscription of capital is in full operation there will be no more danger of disunion in our ranks. BRITON.

MARRIED AND SINGLE.

I QUITE agree with "Position" and do not think that enough consideration has been shown to the unmarried man who is the sole support of a widowed mother.

A young wife is able to return to the business she has given up, but what is a woman of sixty to do?

It is very hard for the latter to have to go out to earn her own living again. Surely at her age she is entitled to a well-earned rest.

But surely the talk about "mothers and wives" need not go on any longer. Every one ought to be judged on its merits. The tribunals will see to that. WIDOW'S SON.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 2.—Beds of spring-flowering bulbs are often left bare during the winter months; but if planted with subjects having green foliage a much more cheerful effect is obtained. Double daisies are very useful for this purpose, and they make a very pretty groundwork and edging for tulips, narcissi and hyacinths.

Some fine named sorts may now be purchased—some bearing very large and handsome flowers. These good sorts should not be allowed to seed. When they have finished blooming they must be divided into small pieces and set out in a spare bit of ground. Good roots will then be available the following autumn. E. F. T.

invited for Christmas night. I should probably have Aunt Stodgy on one side of me. Uncle Grumps, the bookworm and Christmas-hater, would be on my other side.

But judge of my amazement when, on finding myself in the hall, I found there also, immaculate in his sub.'s uniform, just about to go upstairs—why?

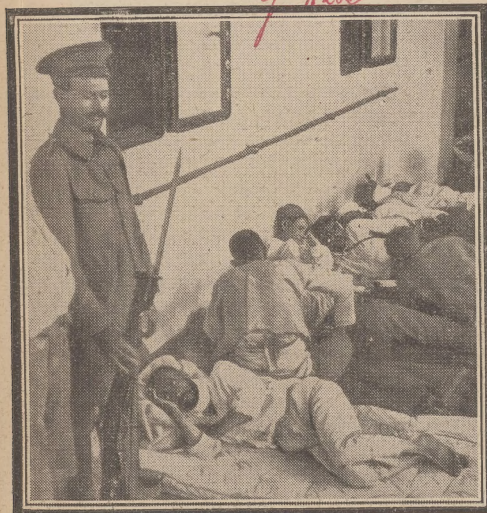
Why, Reggie Morley!

Well, if that wasn't Mrs. Flapperton all over! "Hullo," said Reggie. "Hullo," said I. We said no more. We were announced. There was a buzz of recognition. Mrs. Flapperton came forward. I glanced across the room. There, by the fire, was Joy; in her newest frock, and by her, talking for him—in an almost animated fashion, was the usually rather silent Reggie Fellows, the war pessimist, on leave from Salisbury.

And I noticed that Reggie Morley's beaming face became immediately less beaming as he caught sight of Reggie Fellows. Fellows was talking pessimism with Joy by the fireside.

TURKS ON A TRANSPORT

Y. 11280



Wounded Turkish prisoners on the deck of a British transport. They have been made as comfortable as possible. Note the expression of the man in the foreground who is looking at the guard.

PEOPLE IN THE WAR NEWS.

P. 18423

P. 1600

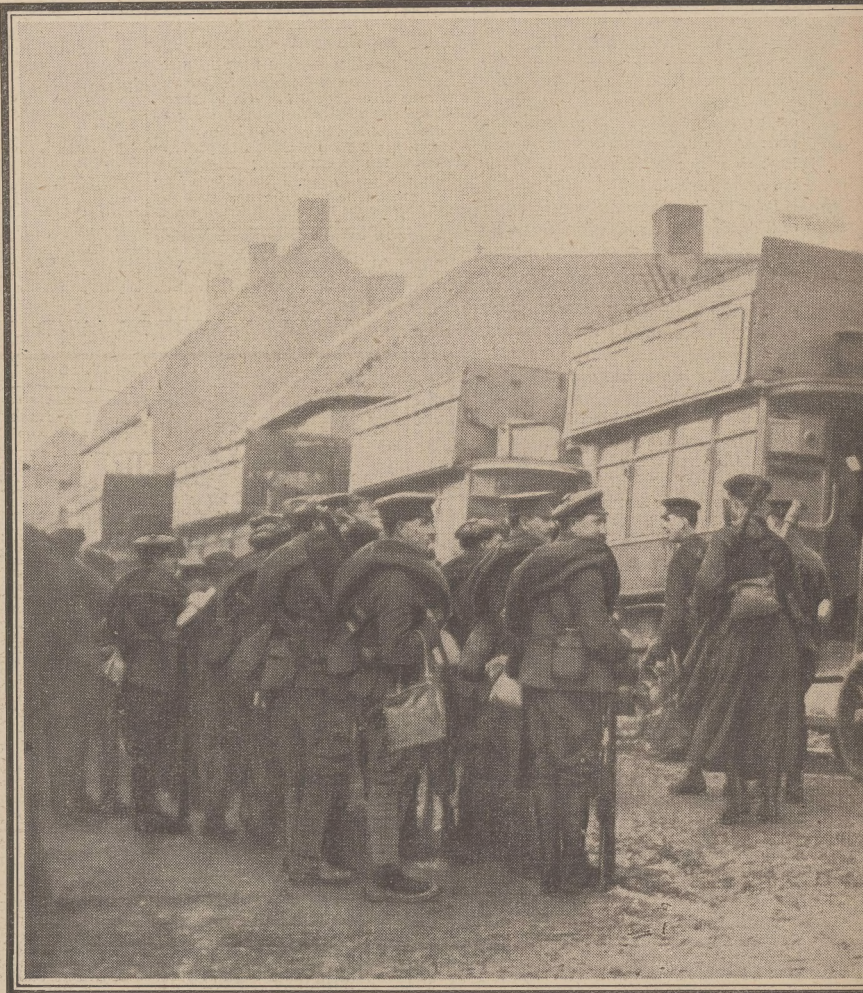


Private Meyer Ershcovitz (Zion Mule Corps), who has been mentioned in dispatches. He is a Spaniard by birth and was living in Jerusalem when war broke out.



Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender, Bart., K.C.B., the new Commander-in-Chief on the Plymouth Station. He succeeds Admiral Sir George Egerton, K.C.B.

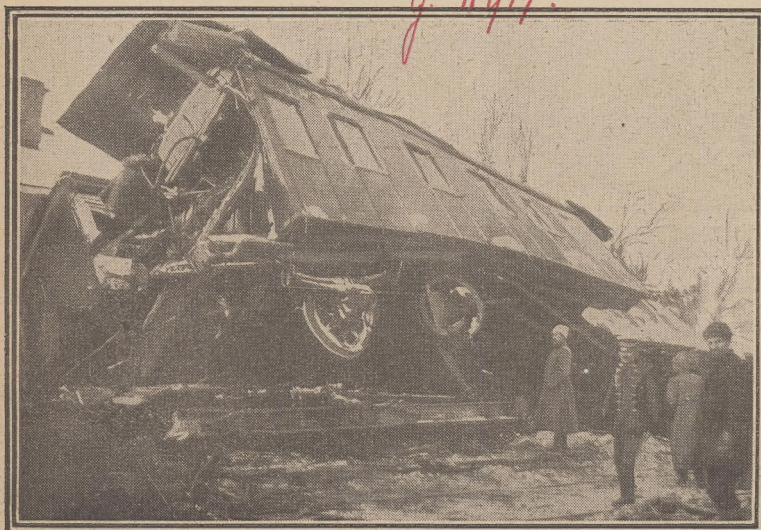
CATCHING THE 'BUS TO THE FIRING LI



Driven by the men who piloted them with such skill through the London streets, these omnibuses now carry

TRAIN WRECKED BY ZEPPELIN BOMBS.

Y. 11917



The effect of a Zeppelin attack on a railway train in the Riga region. The coaches were all derailed and badly damaged.

WEDDING BELLS.

P. 18422



Miss Florence Quicke and Lieutenant J. A. Power (Royal Engineers), to marry on the 18th inst.



Captain Spoor and his bride (Miss de Warrenne Harries) leaving the Chapel Royal, Savoy.

A SUCCESS



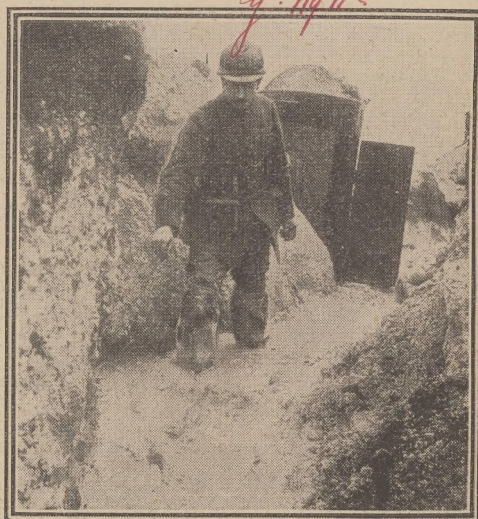
French soldiers in trenches wh the re

-NOT A SCENE AT LIVERPOOL STREET.



to the trenches. Most of them are painted a neutral tint.—(By courtesy of the *Illustrated London News*.)

TRENCH BOOTS USEFUL.



French soldier wading ankle deep through mud in a trench in Champagne. It is more like a quagmire and gives an idea of the effect of the heavy rains which have been experienced at the front lately.

HONOURS FOR FINE SERVICE.



Fireman C. A. Henley, of the London Brigade, awarded the King's Police Medal. On the occasion of an air raid he rescued a woman who was imprisoned in a building.



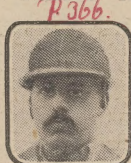
Miss Margaret Clothilde MacDonald, the Matron-in-Chief of the Canadian Nursing Service, upon whom the King has conferred the Royal Red Cross.—(Swaine.)

HAMPAGNE.



captured from the Germans in main.

NAMES IN DISPATCH.



Lord Dalmeny (left), Lord Rosebery's heir, and Lieutenant G. S. Rawstone, the Eton cricketer.



Major-General Sir R. C. Maxwell (left) and Colonel the Hon. E. J. Sackville West.

MEN WHO MUST CULTIVATE PATIENCE.



Moving a so-called portable blockhouse on the Austrian front. In a race a snail would stand a good sporting chance of victory.

THE HOUSE  FOR VALUE

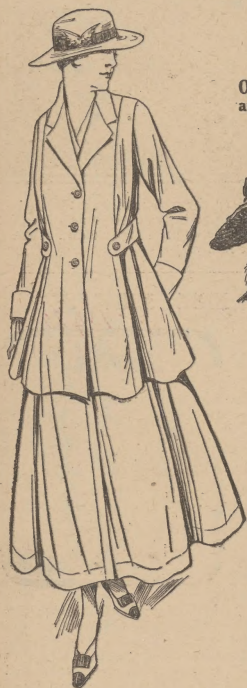
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Kensington High Street
Station.

Easily accessible by 'bus
or train from anywhere.

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Our Entire Stock of Season's Goods must be cleared. The best quality as usual; only the prices are cut—and cut unsparingly to ensure a rapid clearance. Please write for Bargain Catalogue.



100 Useful Coats and Skirts
in best quality heavy-weight
Coating Serge, in Navy and
Black, suitable for smart and
hard wear.
To be cleared at **39/6**

Clearance of Rich Silks

Creme Chinois, a Silk and Cotton Crepe
material in Champagne, Amethyst, Reseda,
Saxe, Dark Saxe, 35ins. wide.
Usual price 2/11. **Sale Price 1/6**
Black Chiffon Tulle, soft finish, reliable
wear, double width. Usual price 2/11. **Sale Price 2/11**
Conduroy and plain coloured **Chiffon Vel-
veteens**, large ranges of latest colours.
Usual price, 2/6. **Sale Price 1/9**
Grenadine Satins, Manufactured in France,
made of the best quality Silk, produced in a
large range of colours, including **Sliver Brown**
& Navy. Width 35ins. Usual price, 4/6. **Sale Price 3/2**
Military stripes, A large assortment in
all makes of stripes, suitable for Blouses, Coat
linings and trimming purposes.
Usual prices 2/11 and 3/11. **Sale Price 1/3**

Dress Materials

A GREAT SALE BARGAIN.
5,200 yards of 34-inch All-
Wool Dress Materials, includ-
ing Tweeds, Suitings, Frockings,
Diagonals, Mantle Cloths, Black and
White Mixtures. Worth 5/6 to 4/6
per yd. **Sale Price 2/-**

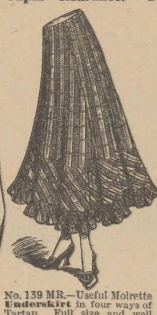
Remnants
and oddments to be sold at
HALF the Marked Prices
ON WEDNESDAY NEXT



No. 45 MR.—Elegant Hat
in very good quality Black
Silk Velvet, with soft
gauged brim, trimmed
with a band of Pale Rib-
bon and finished with a
pop.
Sale Price 12/9



The "DOROTHY."
Wonderful value. Ivory
Japanese Silk, with
smart new collar,
buttoning with large
Pearl buttons. Sizes 15
to 14 1/2.
Sale Price 4/11
O.S. 1/- extra.



No. 139 MR.—Useful Moirette
underskirt in four ways of
Tartan. Full size and well
cut. Usual price 5/9. **Sale Price 3/11**



No. 704 MR.—Smart
shape fine pure Wool
Sports Coats in Purple,
Cinnamon, Grey, Light
and Dark Saxe. Usual
price 15/9. **Sale Price 8/11**



No. 705 MR.—Smart
Dainty Net Fichu
trimmed Shadow
Lace as illustration
also various other
designs. To be
cleared at 1/0 1/2



150 Very Smart Coats in Pony
Cloth, cut full, high Collar, and
Belt, at sides; lined Black
Polonaise. **Sale Price 29/6**

Orders by Post receive
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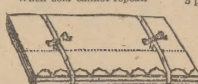


No. 124 MR.—
Good quality Di-
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ers. Full size.
Elastic waist and
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Usual price 2/6. **Sale Price 1/11**
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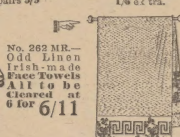
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Winchcombe Nalidress, yoke
trimmed Torchon lace and tucks.
Full size. Usual price 4/5.
Sale Price 3 for 8/5, 2/11
3 for 8/5, 2/11

No. 108 MR.—Our specialite
in good black stripes-de-
sign. Colours: Blue,
Pink, Hello, Wall-matched,
fitted necktie.
Sale Price 4/11
Three pairs 14/9



No. 280 MR.—Old Hemstitched
Scalloped Sheets. Special
best finish. **Sale Price 4/11**
each
Double " 6/11



No. 262 MR.—
Old Linen
Irish-made
Towel
All to be
cleared at
6 for 6/11



No. 271 MR.—Down Quilt Covers.
An old quilt can be made to look quite
new by using one of these.
Double bed size. **Sale Price 4/11**
5 pairs for 21/-
Double bed size, 5 x 4 ft. 3/11
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


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tremely pretty shaped
and scalloped American
Belted Case, the
newest design. Double
bed size. **Sale Price 2/6**
Pillow Case, to
match 1/9 each.

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Pure Silk Ankle Stocking with Lisle tops and
feet, in Black, White, Navy, Grey & all
leading colours. **Sale Price** Per pair 1/10
Ladies "Vee" Nylon Gloves, 2 Buttons,
in Dark Grey shade only. **Sale Price 2/11**

FIRST
Remnant Day
on
Wednesday Next

PONTINGS, THE HOUSE  FOR VALUE, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.

AN OF HIS WIFE

New Readers Begin Here.
CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JEAN MILLARD, an unusually good-looking girl of distinction, but very wilful.

ROBIN O'NEIL, Jean's guardian, aged about thirty-seven. He is the quiet, strong type of man.

GAVIN DAWSON, an easy-going young fellow with a small private income. He is easily led.

THERE is a dead silence in the breakfast room between Jean Millard and her aunt, Miss Lydia Porteous. Jean has just heard that her aunt has written to her guardian, Robin O'Neil, and that he is coming over to look after her.

"It's—it's—hateful," she says.

"I won't stand it, I'll make him sorry that he ever decided to come home and look after me," Jean stamps off to her bedroom. She is conscious of no feeling beyond anger and resentment.

Then she suddenly thinks of Gavin Dawson. Her heart gives a queer little jump. "He has been the one bright spot in her life."

Jean sees him and tells him what has happened. Gavin realises that he is losing her, and asks her to marry him.

Jean explains that in six months' time she will have the control of her own money, but then arrange to marry secretly at once. It is also arranged that Gavin shall go out to London and get the special licence, and that Jean shall marry him the next day.

Their secret is kept, and Gavin departs.



Jean Millard.

Symons was encouraged by her silence; he came a step nearer.

"Come, Jean," he said in a whisper, "give me a kiss and we'll cry quits. You'll be jolly well off if you marry me, I can tell you. We make a nice little thing out of silly innocents like you—and with you always there to draw people..."

She looked at him blankly—not understanding. In some strange way he fascinated her. It was as if someone had torn a mask from the face she had thought boyish and smiling and showed her the real, detestable personality of the man beneath.

"We should get on rippingly together," Symons went on urgently. "I—pon my word, I've never cared a hang about any other woman except you. If I didn't love you most awfully do you suppose I'd have put up with your airs and graces as long as I have? Most fellows would have been choked off last night for good and all; but I—Jean"—he caught her in his arms—"I love you most awfully," he said again. Jean stood as if she were turned to stone; her slim young body felt quite stiff and lifeless; she looked at him with unflinching eyes.

"And I," she said clearly, "hate and despise you more than any other man in all the world." There was a tragic pause. Symons' arms fell from about her; he stood staring at her with helpless rage in his pallid face.

As for the money, said Jean, with a confidence she was far enough from feeling, "it shall all be paid to you—you need not be afraid—and it shall be paid at once."

She walked past him to the door; somehow she had no longer "fear" of him. Even when she heard his heavy breathing as he followed her she did not hasten her steps.

He caught her up as she reached the door; he was crimson now. He stammered as he spoke.

"I shall go straight to O'Neil; I'll pay you out for this. I'll teach you to come sponging on me and making a fool of me... I'll tell O'Neil this minute..."

Jean looked at him contemptuously.

"You need not bother to do that," she said cuttingly; "I'm going to tell him myself."

O'NEIL BETRAYS A SECRET.

PANSY RUTHERFORD had just finished her song when Jean re-entered the drawing-room. It was almost unconsciously that she walked across the room to where O'Neil was standing.

"Do you find the room too hot?" he asked politely. "You look rather pale..."

"No—I've only just come in. I'm cold if anything." She shivered a little as she spoke; she had just seen Symons enter the room.

O'Neil made a little movement as if to leave her; unconsciously Jean put out her hand towards him.

"Robin!" It was the first time she had ever addressed him by his Christian name. He flushed a little as he turned.

"Yes," but his voice was quite ordinary, and not in the least eager.

"I want to speak to you, I—no, not now—afterwards—when everyone has gone to bed..."

"Can I?" He half-smiled.

"They probably won't go till late... Won't it do to-morrow?"

"No, no, it must be to-night. I won't keep you long. I—oh, surely you can spare me a few minutes," she said foolishly.

"Very well. I will go to the library and wait for you. My telephone has gone. I shall tell Lillian, of course."

"Not the library," said Jean quickly; she knew she would always associate that room with Symons now. "Not the library—I hate that room..."

"Can't you wait here—in the drawing-room?"

"Very well." He stayed beside her now; he made no further effort to move away, even when Pansy Rutherford called to him across the room and indicated a chair next to her own. He pretended to misunderstand her meaning and stayed where he was.

After a moment or two Pansy got up and came across to where he sat.

"If the mountain won't come to Mahomet," she said lightly. She glanced at Jean. "Are you as bored as you look, my child?" she asked, lowering her voice. "And do you think we could persuade Lillian to let us convert one of her rooms into a..."

Lillian broke into the conversation.

"What are you chattering about, Pansy? And what is the matter with everyone? You're all about as cheerful as a funeral. I suppose you're all dying to play cards, is that it? Well, I don't know that I should object to an hour or two of myself. What do you say, Jean?"

By RUBY
M. AYRES

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Style 4052. Very serviceable. Hook front, embroidery yoke, "V" neck. Regular Price 2/6 Sale Price 1/11

1/6 or 2 for 3/- ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE VALUE



Style 4068. To get a garment of style at a price like this is a marvel of value. Cross-over back, Lace yoke.

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Wm. Whiteley Ltd., LONDON, W.

AT BAY.

THERE was a moment of absolute silence in the little library. Douglas Symons looked at Jean with a sort of mooring light in his eyes; he was very pale, and his hands were very stiff.

Since she had known him the thought swept through her mind that after all there was nothing really nice about his face; that his features were mean—his eyes shifty.

Suddenly she laughed; a mirthless laugh that sounded discordant to her own ears.

"I don't believe you," she said hoarsely. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I thought you'd take that attitude, but it won't do, my dear! You forget that there were other people present last night—people who saw how you were losing, even if you didn't realise it yourself. I thought you'd listen to me, and tell the whole story before that precious guardian of yours if you prefer it so, and..."

"I won't allow you to speak to him—I forbid you to. It's no affair of his. I can pay my own debts."

"Very well—then I shall be glad of a cheque." He returned the notebook to his pocket...

"Dash it all, Jean," he said, with a sudden change of front. "That is the good of cutting up so roughly just when I thought we were getting on so well, too? Any other woman in the world would see which side her bread was buttered and settle the whole thing in a brace of shakes. O'Neil would be glad to get rid of you—he's got his own little affairs to see to." He grinned meaningly.

Jean stood quite still. She had a sort of feeling that if she moved she would fall; the room was swimming about her. Symons's voice sounded a long way off.

She could not rid herself of a feeling that this was only a dream; that soon she would wake up and find no Gavin Dawson, and that ever really happened. She passed a trembling hand across her lips—they felt, very stiff and cold.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured, myself. What do you say, Jean?)

O'Neil saw the way the blood ran up into Jean's face.

"I don't think I'm very anxious to play," she said quickly. "My head aches rather. I..."

Lillian looked back to where Jean was sitting.

"If you really mean that you don't want to play," she said doubtfully.

"Jean is going to keep me company," O'Neil said in his easy way. "Where are you playing?"

"In the library."

"Very well, then, I suppose we may stay here," Lillian looked rather supercilious.

"Stay where you like, my children. But I dare say you'll have quarrelled violently before you've been alone two minutes."

She swept her guests away with her. O'Neil and Jean were left alone.

Jean got up and went over to the fire. She had spoken the truth when she said that she was cold. She felt as if all the blood in her body had frozen since that moment when Symons told her the amount of money she owed him.

O'Neil had closed the door and was standing at a small centre table, turning the pages of a magazine and looking rather nervous.

After a moment Jean began to speak quickly.

"I don't know what you'll say to me... I—I quite expect that you'll be furious—and—and all the rest of it." She wheeled round suddenly and looked at him with appealing eyes, but Robin was intent on the magazine. "Are you listening?" she asked sharply.

He looked up then.

"Of course I am," he said, and his voice was unusually gentle. "What is it you want to tell me? Go on; you needn't be afraid."

He came over to the fire now and stood with his elbow resting on the mantelpiece.

Jean felt her courage dying away; she clutched at it with desperate hands.

"It's only—only... can I have some money? Oh, I know you're going to refuse!" She rushed on as he made a little movement. "But surely if the money will be mine in six months' time it can't matter so very much now if I—I have some. I know such things are done; I knew a girl at Osterway who—who got something on the strength of expectations or something," she added vaguely. "He was looking at her now."

"Do you owe money to Mrs. Rutherford?" he asked.

Jean was relieved that she could answer so truthfully; she owed it to Symons now—he had told her so himself.

O'Neil's face hardened.

"You asked me that question before," Jean said, with a touch of anger. "I don't know why you keep on about her so much. Anyone would think it was a matter of life and death."

"She pulled herself up sharply; she had meant to keep her temper at any cost, and already it was boiling with her like a stampeding horse."

"After all," she went on after a moment, "it's my money. You've had the use of it all these years, and I haven't had a penny... It's—it's a very little thing to ask for it now—when I really need it."

"You want it for gambling debts."

"It doesn't matter what I want it for; that's my business alone."

"No," said O'Neil, "it's mine."

He was staring down at the fire now. For the moment Jean and her warm, luxurious drawing-room faded, and he was back again in the stifling heat of India; in the crowded club-room of a hill station; amongst flushed, angry faces and a clamour of furious voices, looking across stunned eyes at Jean's father—Jean's father, ghastly pale but defiant, facing the man who had just accused him of cheating.

"Cheat!" "Across all the dividing years he could still hear the savage way the word had been flung out through the hot night, still hear the hasty scraping of pushed-back chairs, the clamour of voices."

With an effort he dragged himself back to the present. "I am sorry, Jean, but I'm afraid the gentleness had quite left his voice; it was only cold and hard once more. "I am sorry to refuse you—but it is for your own sake... If you knew everything..."

She broke in passionately.

"You can't refuse... it's—it's not right or fair. If you do..." She started up; she pushed back her pretty hair with a sort of agitation.

"If you do—I shall have to find other means of getting it."

In a sudden flash Pansy Rutherford's words had come back to her. "A man I can introduce you to... I mean a moneylender..."

The faintest smile crossed his face.

"The simplest means of getting it..."

"Don't be so foolish," he said, but his voice was kinder, more gentle. "Why don't you tell me the whole truth, Jean, and trust me to do the best I can for you. If you are in any trouble..."

"I am not... and if I were..."

"If you were you would not come to me, I suppose," he submitted rather wearily.

She was twisting her hands nervously; her breath came quickly.

"I don't want to quarrel with you," she said, trying to speak calmly. "I—I meant to try and be nice."

His mouth twisted with an odd sort of pain.

"Nice! Because you wanted something out of me; is that why?"

"I am only asking you for what is my own."

"You are asking me for money to pay gambling debts owing to Symons and Mrs. Rutherford?"

"I don't owe Mrs. Rutherford a penny; if she told you I did, it's a lie," said Jean passionately.

He did not answer; he took a cigarette case from his pocket and opened it with a little click. The little unconcerned movement goaded

(Continued on page 14.)



Earl of Dalkeith.

Dalkeith.

The Earl of Dalkeith, heir to the noble house of the "bold Buccleuch," attained his majority on December 30, and in happier times the event would have been made the occasion for great festivities on the immense family estates, but the future Duke of Buccleuch is serving with his regiment, the Grenadiers, somewhere abroad. Lord Dalkeith, who will be better remembered as Lord Whitechester, the title by which he was known until fourteen months ago, when his father succeeded to the dukedom, is a good-looking, pleasant young fellow, and a fine shot.

A Big Day.

The eyes of the world will be turned on Westminster this week, and political circles in London are indulging in all the thrills of anticipatory excitement over Wednesday's debate. M.P.s are being snowed under by requests from friends and constituents (they are often not synonymous terms) for gallery tickets, and it looks like being the biggest rush on record.

Election Possibilities.

A great deal depends on how the Cabinet dots the i's and crosses the t's of the Compulsion Bill at its meeting to-morrow, but a great deal also depends on the atmosphere of the House on Wednesday, for, although a general election is now rather improbable, I'm told that some M.P.s still regard it as a possibility. I've been hearing a lot about what the Opposition group below the gangway intend to do, but when it comes to the pinch these things have a knack of fizzling out. Still, Wednesday will be a very big day.

An Awkward "Prédic."

In the clubs Mr. Redmond is the subject of very interested speculation. He's in an unpleasant position, and next to Mr. Asquith he will be the star turn. I'm told that blunt opposition to any form of compulsion will probably be his line, whether Ireland is excluded or not, and the chances are that it will be.

These Changing Days.

Hasn't it struck you as rather peculiar that Sir John Simon's resignation should have been so quietly received? Until a few months ago everyone was competing as to who should say the nicest things about him. He is, of course, a great loss, but he hasn't been a shining success as Home Secretary. It wasn't exactly his job.

Patching It Up.

I should like to know how Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Runciman managed to bring themselves into agreement. In the first place, they hold strongly opposite views on compulsion, and in the second relations between them have been strained for a long while. They are both too good to lose, and I am glad they managed to find a little bit of common ground.

"A. J." and the Pledge.

I was told yesterday that there had been a pretty stiff fight put up for an all-round measure of compulsion. I was told also that Mr. Balfour was a stickler for compulsion only within the limits of the Premier's pledge. When we do get the full story (as we may do within the next hundred years or so) how interesting it will be!

Trade Union Attitude.

Next to Wednesday's debate, the biggest event of the week will be the Trade Union Congress, which, I am assured, was not called as the result of any sharp division of opinion at last week's meetings. I think you will find that the Congress will support the Government, but will insist on very definite safeguards.

Look Out.

I have heard another whisper. You remember that Mr. Lloyd George addressed the last Trade Union Congress, and that the Premier, Mr. McKenna and Mr. Runciman addressed the Trade Union Conference. Well, with those precedents, don't be surprised if a big man turns up and speaks at this week's gathering.

The Magic Hour.

London was dark and dull on New Year's Eve—deadly dull and deadly dark. But there was one bright spot. This was the Savoy, where Mr. C. B. Cochran gave his Ambassadors party.

National Anthems.

We all came in to supper just as the ordinary guests of the hotel, wearing paper caps and feeling far too lively for bed, were going out. And for some reason or other the band started to play all sorts of National Anthems when we got to our table. That is why my soup was taken away cold, and that is why I never touched the fish. We were standing up all the while.

Holding Hands.

After the Scotch pipers had appeared and made a noise on the bagpipes, and after the mechanical clock had struck the magic hour, we all clasped hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne." Miss Blanche Tomlin was between little Hanako and the tallest man in the room! Still, she managed the hand-clasping business splendidly.

"Don't Be Jealous."

This is Miss Olive Tempest, who is playing the leading part in "Don't Be Jealous," a very clever revue, which has been produced



Miss Olive Tempest.

by my friend Mr. George Barclay. I hear very flattering accounts of Miss Tempest. If she is as nice as she looks I can understand the title of the revue!

"Not Much!"

"My word!" exclaimed a stout bookmaker at Gwatkin on Saturday. "I call this racing extraordinary. First you do your bit getting to the course, then you do your bit battling with the elements and then you try to do your bit making a profitable book on these 'urding' orses. Racin' as usual? Not much, m'lud."

No Trains.

Despite the gale, the racing was good, the fields being large. I smiled at seeing a half-concealed notice on a board, "Early train to town at 3.48." It referred to the "good old days before the war." There were no trains to town or anywhere else from Gwatkin. Many of the jockeys, I was glad to note, were in khaki. An odd spectacle, that!

Training Officers.

The loss of officers has been and is now of grave concern, but I am comforted to find that those two famous training corps, the Artists Rifles and Inns of Court, have between them some 8,000 men getting ready to fill the gaps.

Romance in Cairo.

The popular novel ending to a romance in Egypt will take place to-day with the wedding of Miss Barbara Strickland to Lieutenant Martin C. Albright, of the Worcestershire Yeomanry. The bride went to Egypt with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Strickland, to be present at the marriage of her brother to Lady Mary Charteris, and to-day she weds his best man at the same church, St. Mary's, Cairo, after only a few weeks' engagement.

Seeing Things.

Periscopitis; I am informed by a naval officer, is the name of the disease, the symptoms of which are known by the sufferer identifying an empty bulby beef tin upon the waters as the end of an enemy periscope.

Only Girls.

What do you think of this for a lunch menu? Coquille Kette, Gigot Jessie, Haricot Tommy, Faisans Dorothée, Pommes Joan, Crème Betty, Sweets Ina, Champagne Gerrard 1916, Porto Phyllis, Cigarettes Claire. This is what Gina Palerme gave a girl friend of mine for lunch last Friday at her delightful house. There were eight in the party—and the rule was no men until after lunch, when several dropped in for a talk. At the luncheon were Miss Teddie Gerard, "Tommy" Stuart, who is the "sweep" at the Palace, and others as per the names of the dishes on the menu. A pretty notion isn't it?



Miss Teddie Gerard.

Will Crooke's Brass Bedstead.

Another good story of how "money burns" is told by the Right Hon. Will Crooke, P.C. It is, as we may guess, a story against himself. In his early days, before even Parliament was as wild a dream as the Privy Council, Will amassed a little hoard of money by working overtime. "It burnt a hole in my pocket," he says. "We didn't know what to do with it, so one Saturday evening my wife and I sallied out and bought a beautiful brass bedstead, for which we had no use, but which 'blew' the money splendidly!"

Tip to the War Office.

I am told there are nearly 200,000 foreign-born men of military age in this country who, for one reason or another, prefer to stay in England. At a time when the Allies need every man surely the War Office should ask these men either to join a "Foreigners' Battalion" or to go back to their birthplace, when they would have to go into the army there. Surely this would be quite fair.

Mixed Metaphors in Flanders.

Fate deals hard with poachers among the British troops in France. One of the Irish fighters was before his colonel charged with poaching. His ingenious defence got him off. "Indade, Colonel mine, the only burrd I shot was a rabbit, and that I knocked down wid a stick!"

Her Latest.

I went to the Oxford on Saturday night just to hear the one and only Miss Marie Lloyd sing her new songs. They were wonderful, and her reception was rapturous. The new coster number, "I Do Like You, Cockey, Now You've Got Your Khaki On," is a gem. After the Oxford I hurried to the Metropolitan and heard them again.

The Opium Pest.

I am glad to hear that the authorities are taking up the opium scandal. Let's get the alien undesirables responsible for this pest out of the country!

Old Drury's Fairy Queen.

Miss Enid Dark, Drury Lane's pretty eighteen-year-old Fairy Queen, is the daughter of Mr. Sidney Dark, the critic. Miss Dark studied singing under the late Edgardo Levi, and recently under his widow, who is a sister of Miss Rosina Filippi. Her ambition, I learn, always has been for the concert platform rather than the stage, but after her success in "Puss in Boots" the theatre probably will claim her for its own. Miss Dark's talent is hereditary, for her mother was a successful comedy actress.



Miss Enid Dark.

Jockeys and Army.

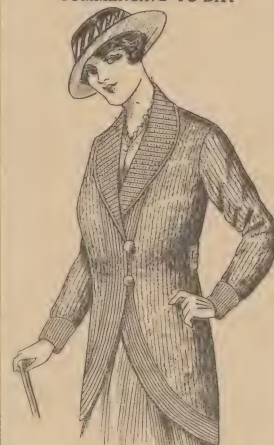
If they have not already done so, it is to be hoped the committee of the National Hunt will follow the example of the Jockey Club and request all cross-country riders, when applying for licences, to give reasons for not joining the Army. Of course, many of them have already done so, and others have reason for exemption, but if there are any fit men left who ride in steeplechases they should represent the ideal soldier. They are bigger and stronger all round than the flat race jockeys. THE RAMBLER.

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Ladies' English-made All-Wool Golf Coats, with and without Collars, half Belt and slightly cut-away front. Colours: Saxe, Navy, White, Mustard, Cerise, Grey & Champagne. 8/11 Usual price 12/11.

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449.—150 PAIRS LACE CURTAINS. Old Lace design, 3 yds. long, 52 ins. wide, 4s. pair, usually 5s. 11d. 408.—FINE HALL CROQUED CURTAINS. 2 yds. 4s. 6d. pair, usually 4s. 8d. 986.—100 PAIRS CURTAINS. HEAVY TIGHTENED MAKE, rich blue flannel, 4 1/2 yds. 6s. 6d. pair, usually 7s. 6d. 2174.—PURE WHITE TURKISH TOWELS, hemstitched, 24 ins. by 40 ins. 1s. 6d. each, 4s. 6d. half dozen. 78 PAIRS HEAVY PURE WHITE TWEED SHEETS, good quality, size 41 yds. by 21 yds. Sale price 8s. 3d. Exceptional clearing lines in Curtains, Linens, Towels and Gentle Underwear. Old-fashioned half price. Write for List of Bargains for January only.

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The position of the big bow gives this hat its style.

THE NEGLIGEE.

IT is hard to speak in measured terms of the beauty of woman's dearest possession—her boudoir gown. Lace that frills itself into the most naive and dainty of gowns—that is what Paris calls the "robe intime."

INTIMATE SILKS.

ALL day long the Parisienne is as demure as she knows how to be—in the boudoir she flings off her cloths and velvets and rustles into the most truly intimate of boudoir gowns. Some are waisted, some are waistless; none are wasted, for in these the young person dines and chats.

All are made to "put on" with one button or two; many slip over the coiffured head without any fastening at all. Their point is their utter simplicity.

Simplicity, that is, in make and not in material, for while some are aglow with the radiance of sun and fire—ninon of amber, satin of gold—others gleam like the sea foam in moonlight.

ACCEPTED MATERIALS.

THE underskirt may be counted on to consist of lace flounces garlanded with ribbon flowers—the overskirt and bodice drapery of georgette or ninon. The sleeve is a mere fall of either. Swansdown is the accepted trimming; tassels never fail to become a negligée.

WAISSLLESS SLIPS.

THERE must be no suggestion of restriction anywhere—a trim waist is a thing no self-respecting negligée has heard of. Ribbons, laces, all things soft and feminine these, put together in any form whatsoever, compose the gown for boudoir and house.

And there are other delights of the boudoir gown. The tired woman, her round of charity committees over, slips off the formal gown and with it the daytime shoes and stockings.

MULES AND HOSE.

THESE she replaces with silken hose reserved only (on grounds of economy) for her home evenings.

And slippers! What slippers! A morsel of brocade that boasts the highest heel but no uppers—just a toe band and a leg bow of tinsel and lace. A butterfly poised on her instep will not surprise her; a little basket of ribbon flowers she will contemplate with joy.

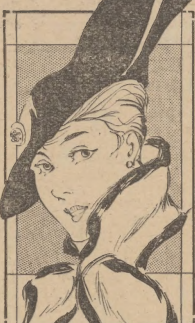
CAPS OF LACE.

SO much for the one extremity; then for the other. A quarter of an hour she devotes to brushing her hair—and, incidentally, gazing at her pretty reflection in the glass. Then she knots her hair and covers it with a tiny cap of lace, hemmed with satin, bobbed with little flower balls and a little flower balls. Angle over either temple.

BUT FIRST OF HATS.

EVERY winter's day shows its quota of new hats. For was there ever woman created who could resist the lure of the milliner?

A hat all aslant with a smooth-haired little French girl under it was the cynosure of all eyes in the Park the other day—it had just been brought over from Paris, that latest craze, bows and bands of softest leather.



A wavy brim of softest panne shows the newest upward tilt.

BREAKFAST SUITS.

ANOTHER indoor suit which is only now beginning to find general favour in England is the breakfast set. This is a little coat and skirt effect of crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor.

The skirt is short, full and absolutely plain. So, too, the coat, which closes with some three or four buttons. The only possible ornamentation consists of an edging of sheerest swansdown. A little lace cap and tiny mule slippers each show a baby edging of swansdown.

PLEASANT ECONOMY.

THE breakfast suits are the only way of keeping absolutely fresh the morning costume, which will have to do duty until its owner returns, probably not much before six from her round of charity organisation, hospitals and workrooms. To make the daytime costume act as breakfast gown and tea gown would be to ruin its smartness.

AND WHAT OF BLOUSES?

UNDER the tight little fur-trimmed jacket, which has so busy a day, is the simple blouse. Blouses hardly ever show much radical change; but this year they could not resist following the odd fancies of the mode. So the cape is shown on the very newest of dainty shirts; capes of ninon, capes of silk. Sleeves too, permit themselves little fantasies in the way of puffs and bells.

Buttons are delightfully in evidence everywhere, but with a difference from gown buttons. They are not sewn direct to the blouse; they hang from a gay-coloured stalk of silk. Tassels of silk and gold hang wherever they list: some from the collar, some from the cuffs, many at the edges of the yoke.

ETCETERAS THAT COUNT.

FOR yokes, be it noted, are much to the fore in shirts. They are deep, back and front, but do not always extend to the shoulders.

Cuffs, collars and yokes alike are trimmed in the same way as our felt hats—by a blanket stitch. It is a charming and a simple decoration this, which many women prefer to embroider for themselves.

And, lastly, there are those blanket-stitched cuffs: the point most to be noted about them is that when turned back they link together like a man's shirt.

BELOVED BILLOWS.

PETTICOATS are still as frilly, as billowy, as flowing as ever. Frill upon frill of lace, separated by bouquets of roses and forget-me-nots—that's one such skirt. Softest crape, decorated with true lover's-knots of ribbon and little circles of swansdown—that's another.

And, then, one cannot forget the hoop petticoat, all inlaid with medallions of lace; all ruffled with lace and net.



Bobbing as she moves are my lady's two swansdown balls on her little yellow boudoir jacket.



Fash is very favourable to such collars, such pockets and such—well, call it a bustle or call it a sash. Either will do.

SPECIMEN BARGAINS IN WARING & GILLOW'S WINTER SALE

Commencing To-Day.



Rich Inlaid Bedroom Suite, comprising 3 ft. Wardrobe, fitted with hanging cupboard, with large drawer beneath.
3 ft. Dressing Table, 3 ft. Washstand, 2 cane-seated Chairs.
Usual price £14 10 0 Sale price £12 12 0

THIS Sale is an opportunity to acquire articles of unmistakable style and quality at extraordinarily low prices. Indeed, the prices are so low as to occasion a feeling of pleasant surprise even to the most hardened bargain-hunter. Visit our Galleries and you will realize how easy this Annual Sale makes the buying of artistic things. Every article is genuinely reduced and is part of our usual stock.

SPECIMEN BARGAINS IN DRAPERIES AND CURTAINS

6,000 yds. 50-in. cotton Casement Cloth in green, blue, crimson, rose, mauve and various cream shades.

Usual price 12s Sale price 9d. per yd.
1,600 yds. 50-in. heavy quality Bolton Sheeting in creams and écar shades only.

Usual price 10s Sale price 10s per yd.
35 pieces or part pieces 50-in. silk and cotton Damasks in large variety of colours and designs.

Usual price 31s 10 7/11 Sale price 31s per yd.
8,000 yds. 31-in. heavy repp Cretonnes, wisteria and rose design in eight different treatments of colour.

Usual price 10s Sale price 6d. per yd.

65 pairs Bordered Tapestry Curtains, colours blue, green and rose, 34 yds. long.

Usual price 37s Sale price 21s 6d. per pair
6,500 yds. 31-in. domestic Cretonnes in rose and apple blossom design, in large variety of colours.

Usual price 14s Sale price 4d. per yd.
550 Pairs Scotch Lace Curtains, 3 yds. long in cream only.

Usual price 49s Sale price 21s 11d. per pair.
125 pairs handsome Swiss Curtains 34 yds. long.

Usual price 32s Sale price 19s 11d. per pair
4 yds. long, same design.

Usual price 37s Sale price 23s 6d. per pair
25 pieces ivory Curtain Net, re' production of real filet lace, 45 in. wide.

Usual price 10s Sale price 6d. per yd.
2,500 yards 50-in. Casement Cloth, Chinese and Persian designs on fine mercerised Egyptian cotton.

Usual price 21s Sale price 13s 6d. per yd.



375 Pairs Scotch Lace Curtains, good quality 3 yds. long, cream.
Usual price 5/11 Sale price 3/11



950 yds. 50 in. hand-printed Taffeta. Georgian design, in various colour treatments.
Usual price 6/6 Sale price 2/11s per yard

THE SALE COMMENCES TO-DAY.

WARING & GILLOW
Furnishers & Decorators to H. M. the King. LTD

164-180, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.
BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL. DEANS GATE, MANCHESTER.



A Dream of most women, seldom realised, is to possess a really good Set of Sables. This stole, 66x104, is of richest Manchurian Sables, consisting of eight very large skins of the necessary mole brown colour. Riddlestorffer's price 50 gns. Our price **20 gns.**

The Huge Muff consists of eight skins. Riddlestorffer's price 42 gns. Our price **18 gns.**

SALE
To-day
& during
WEEK



A Persian Lamb Model—not to be bought casually—but with that inward pleasure a connoisseur buys a rare jewel or picture. Each skin is a fine specimen. The voluptuous border and collar of richest natural skunk do but enhance its general beauty. Riddlestorffer's price £131 5s. Our price **65 gns.**

DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON-HIGH STREET LONDON W

As a special attraction during our Winter Clearance Sale, we have to announce the

Sale of the Stock of the oldest Fur Business in the Kingdom

Ernest J. Riddlestorffer, 8 & 9, King's Road, BRIGHTON.

Established in 1679.
Cheapside

In the year 1679, during the reign of Charles II., there arrived in London—then, as ever, the magic lodestone of all traders—an adventurer of fine spirit, with a few bundles of Fur Skins under his arm.

His name was Riddlestorffer. He had made the then incredible journey from remote Poland, the land that has always produced the finest fur workers in the world.

By dint of native skill and inborn knowledge he became successful, and founded a big wholesale Fur business in Cheapside. (The name appears in the first English Directories, Guildhall Library, 1800.)

During the days of the French Revolution in 1830 the business was removed to Brighton, where the Royal Family became its Patrons.

The Firm of Riddlestorffer has never catered for the plebeian taste: the richest of all Skins were not rich enough. This note has always sounded high in the policy of this business, and as surely as a fashion died so surely was any Stock representing that fashion cleared out at any price. In this way the stock has been kept wonderfully clean, and is at the moment an expression of the prevailing modes.

We have bought this entire stock of luxurious Fur Models at a
Cash Discount of 82½ per cent.

FUR COATS.

2 Extra fine quality Seal Musquash Coats, 54in. long. Riddlestorffer's price 32 gns. Our Price **16 gns.**

1 Magnificent Alaskan Sealskin Coat, 54in., luxuriously full shape, huge collar of black fox. Riddlestorffer's price 150 gns. Our Price **45 gns.**

1 Mole Coney Skins, 1 length, worked in 3in. stripes, new full shape. Riddlestorffer's price 16 gns. Our Price **6 gns.**

3 Beautifully light weight Ponyskin Models, extra full shape. Riddlestorffer's price 45 gns. Our Price **10 gns.**

1 Superb Model in real Alaskan Sealskin of exceptionally fine skins, 42in. long. Riddlestorffer's price 90 gns. Our Price **35 gns.**

1 Beautifully made Coat in richest Russian Squirrel Gill, 1 length full back. Riddlestorffer's price £20. Our Price **10 gns.**

1 Real Mink Pelerine Cape of lines the skins worked down to points back and front. Riddlestorffer's price 50 gns. Our Price **19 gns.**

1 Sporting Coat in Sable colour Hamster, with quaint natural markings. Skunk Opposum Collar. Riddlestorffer's price 14 gns. Our Price **6 gns.**

1 Luxuriously full Model Coat in richest Dutch Moleskin, extra full swing back, deep border of Fox also Collar of Fox. Riddlestorffer's price 35 gns. Our Price **18 gns.**

1 Charming Coat in Ponyskin of exceptionally light-weight skins, full back, deep Collar of racoon. Reduced from 12 gns. to **6½ gns.**

STOLES & MUFFS.

SABLES.

2 Magnificent Sable Cravats, 42in. long by 10in. wide at ends, consisting of four skins. Riddlestorffer's price 54 gns. Our Price **3 gns.**

1 New wide Shoulder shape in Sable, consisting of four skins. Riddlestorffer's price 25 gns. Our Price **8 gns.**

12-Skin Sable Stole of exceptional richness, 9in. wide. Riddlestorffer's price 48 gns. Our Price **18 gns.**

1 Magnificent Stole in natural Russian Sable of exceptional richness. Riddlestorffer's price 70 gns. Our Price **29 gns.**

1 Beautiful Stole, consisting of four Russian Sable skins. Riddlestorffer's price 25 gns. Our Price **6 gns.**

1 Huge Muff, measuring 21 by 14in. Riddlestorffer's price 30 gns. Our Price **8 gns.**

CHINCHILLA.

1 Magnificent Straight Wide Stole of Chinchilla or Chiffon, measuring 50in. long by 11in. wide. Riddlestorffer's price 65 gns. Our Price **18 gns.**

1 extremely fine Muff to match, 18in. wide, 13½ in. deep. Riddlestorffer's price 30 gns. Our Price **15 gns.**

1 fine Stole, consisting of 16 picked skins. Riddlestorffer's price 15 gns. Our Price **6 gns.**

MOTOR FOOT MUFFS.

In Leopard Skin. Riddlestorffer's price 25/- Our Price **15/-**

NATURAL SKUNK.

1 Huge Wrap Stole, measuring 106in. long, 11in. wide. Riddlestorffer's price 45 gns. Our Price **18 gns.**

1 Exquisitely-made Stole, measuring 82in. by 10in. Riddlestorffer's price 17 gns. Our Price **10 gns.**

1 New Wide Collar, 48in. long, 8in. wide. Riddlestorffer's price 54 gns. Our Price **4 gns.**

BLACK FOX.

1 Beautiful Stole of exquisite quality, consisting of the most luxuriously rich skins. Riddlestorffer's price 10 gns. Our Price **6 gns.**

CUB BEAR.

1 Charming light Soft Stole in the new straight shape, 52in. long 8in. wide. Riddlestorffer's price £2 15 4. Our Price **35/-**

MARTENS.

1 Beautiful Russian Marten Stole, of fine colour, 48in. long, widening to 10in. at ends. Riddlestorffer's price £7 17 6. Our Price **4½ gns.**

ERMINE.

1 Magnificent Stole Wrap, measuring 100in. long, 14½in. wide, trimmed with 48 tails. Riddlestorffer's price 45 gns. Our Price **21 gns.**

1 Superb Crossway Wrap, measuring 64 by 9½in., trimmed with 36 tails. Riddlestorffer's price 21 gns. Our Price **10 gns.**

1 Necktie, 22in. long. Riddlestorffer's price 37/6. Our Price **15/-**

1 Charming Stole with Ermine both sides, measuring 44 by 4ins. Riddlestorffer's price 8 gns. Our Price **4 gns.**

1 Superb Muff shaped like an inverted Mitre, 17½in. wide, 10in. deep, trimmed with rows of tails. Riddlestorffer's price 24 gns. Our Price **10 gns.**

1 large Pillow Muff in Ermine with ruffled silk back 15 by 13 in. Riddlestorffer's price 9 guineas. Our Price **59/6**

1 Very Chic Pelerine Shape Stole in Leopard, trimmed Black Fitch. Riddlestorffer's price 12 Gns. Our Price **4½ Gns.**

1 Huge Muff to Match above. Riddlestorffer's price 84 Gns. Our Price **4½ Gns.**

1 Delightfully Soft Scarf in finest Seal Coney. Riddlestorffer's price £2 18s. 6d. Our Price **29/6**

1 Very Large Muff to Match with openings at side, edged real ermine. Riddlestorffer's price £4 14s. 6d. Our Price **39/6**

1 Squirrel Stole, 100in. by 9½in., lined lock. Riddlestorffer's price, 11 Gns. Our Price **5 Gns.**

GENTLEMEN'S FUR-LINED COATS.

1 Khaki Officer's Coat, lined Real Musquash. Riddlestorffer's price 81 Gns. Our Price **5 Gns.**

1 Navy Box Cloth Coat, lined Real Musquash. Riddlestorffer's price 16 Gns. Our Price **7 Gns.**

VARIOUS FURS.

1 Specimen Skin Stole, in rich pink Real Cross Fox. Riddlestorffer's price 18 gns. Our Price **7 Gns.**

1 Set Real Fisher (Stole and Muff). 8 Gns. Riddlestorffer's price 17 gns. Our Price **9 Gns.**

1 extremely large Set of Natural Lynx (Stole and Muff). Riddlestorffer's price 16 gns. 9 Gns. Our Price **9 Gns.**



A Pony Coat is the most durable and, if the skins are sound and flat and brilliant, one of the most beautiful. This delightful Model is made of particularly fine, soft skins. The Border and Collar are of real Skunk. Reduced from 16 gns. to **8 gns.**



THERE is something gloriously real about this Ermine Cape. It requires a poet to properly describe it, we will not belittle it by attempting to. Reduced from 150 gns. to **35 gns.**

The "Sunday Pictorial" Is Read by Every Member of the Family

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

DON'T forget your absent friend. THE OVERSEAS WEEKLY MIRROR containing the six daily issues full of news and the best war pictures will keep him interested for hours. Order a subscription for six months—10s. to Canada; 15s. to all other parts.

FUNERAL OF THE CAPTOR OF LIEGE: A MILITARY PAGEANT.



Officers come to the salute as the coffin is lowered into the grave.



The body lying in state in the cathedral.

Uhlans in the procession. It was a military pageant.

Officers carrying his decorations.

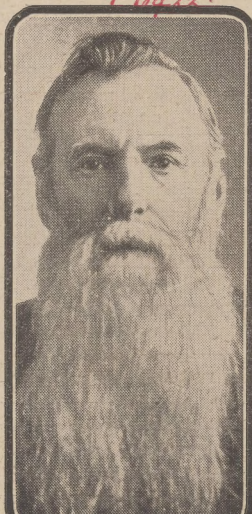
General von Emmich, the captor of Liege, was buried in Hanover, great crowds lining the streets to watch the procession, in which rode hundreds of Uhlans. They were under

his command when they ravaged Belgium. The General was several times reported to be dead earlier in the war.

MUFFLED PEALS FOR THE DEAD.

A PROUD FATHER.

A HOSPITAL ROMANCE.



In nearly every church in the Empire yesterday there were muffled peals for the dead, a solemn reminder of the sacrifices made by Britain's sons in the cause of liberty. The picture shows the bells being got ready at St. Paul's.

Mr. Samuel Jones, a Llanwrst butcher, who has nine sons serving with the forces.

Mme. de Verley and Lieutenant Davenport, a young Irish officer, who are to be married. The photograph was taken at a New Year's Eve gathering at Mme. de Verley's studio, and shows the engaged couple on either side of Mme. Karina, the famous dancer. The bridegroom-elect was wounded at Loos and met his fiancée when in hospital.